

THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
ORESTES,

Written by THOMAS GOFFE  
Master of Arts, and Student of  
Christ's Church in OXFORD :  
AND  
Acted by the STUDENTS of the same  
HOUSE.



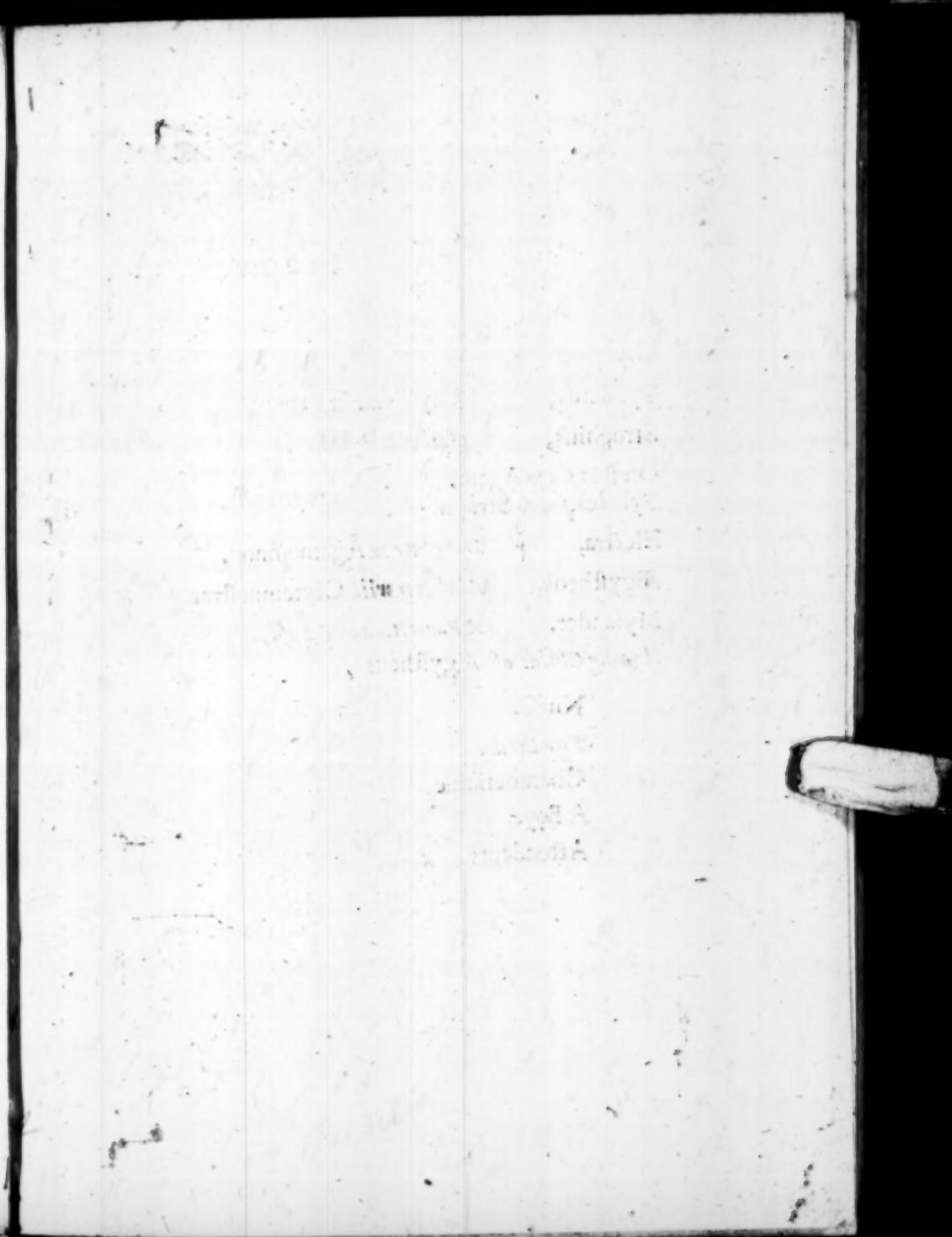
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# The Prologue.

**T**he hush'd consentmēt of two silent howres,  
Breath pleasing ayres on these attentive eares;  
And since wee see in this well furnish'd roome,  
All our best neighbours are so kindly mes,  
Wee would devise some pleasing talke to spend:  
The lazie howres of the sedis night:  
But for our owne innention, 'twas too weake,  
Wheron our young Muse durst wholly leane.  
We heare present for to revine a tale,  
Which once in Athens great Eurypedes  
In better phrasēat such a meeting told  
The learn'd Athenians with much applause:  
The same we will retell unto your eares,  
Whose Atticke judgement is no lesse then theirs:  
We bere as builders which doe oft take stones,  
From out old buildings, then must hew and cut,  
To make them square, and fitting for a new;  
So from an old soundation we haue tān,  
Stones ready squar'd for our new edifice,  
Whic hif in pleasing our weake skil offends  
In making corners disportionate,  
Some roome too narrow or some loft too high;  
Yet we will hope, if the whole struc'ture fall,  
Your bands like props will serue to beare up all.

Spoken by the Author himselfe.





### *The names of the Actors.*

Agamemnon,	<i>King of Greece.</i>
Clytemnestra,	<i>The Queene.</i>
Tyndarus,	<i>Clytemnestra's father.</i>
Strophius,	<i>Father to Pylades.</i>
Orestes, <small>son to Agam.</small>	<i>Two deare friends.</i>
Pylades, <small>son to Stroph.</small>	
Electra,	<i>Daughter to Agamemnon.</i>
Ægystheus,	<i>Adulicer with Clytemnestra.</i>
Mylander.	<i>A Favorite, and Parasite.</i>
<i>A yong Childe of Ægystheus</i>	
<i>Nurse.</i>	
<i>Two Lords.</i>	
<i>Chamberlaine.</i>	
<i>A Boy.</i>	
<i>Attendants.</i>	



## The Tragedie of O R E S T E S .

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter as from warre, Agamemnon: Clytemnestra: Orestes:  
Pylades: Egistus: cum ceteris.

Agam.



Owa faire blessing blesse my dearest earth,  
And like a Bride ado'ne thy royll brow,  
With fruits rich Garland; a new married Bride  
Unto thy King and b'ri:band, who too long  
Hath left thee widdowed: O, me thinks I see

How all my Grecians with vnsatiate looks Turnes to the  
spectators.  
And greedy eyes doe bid mee welcome home:

Each eare that heares the clamour seemes to grieue

It cannot speake, and giue a ( welcome King: )

Come Clytemnestra, let not anger make  
His wrinkled seat vpon my loues faire brow,  
I haue too long beene absent from thy bed,  
Chide me for that anon, when arme in arme  
I shall relate those projectes in loue termes,  
Which when they first were acted, made Mars feare  
To see each man turn'd to a God of warre.

Clyt. O my deare Lord, absence of things wee loue,  
Thus intermixt, makes them the sweeter proue:  
That your departure pierc'd my tender soule,  
Witnesse those Christall floods which in my eyes  
Did make a sea, when you should goe to sea,  
Thos: streames which then flow'd from the veines of griefe  
At your returne doe overflow the banks.

- B

But

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

But tis with ioy. *Agam.* Now these eares indeed  
Haue chang'd their place: they which were wont to heare  
No musique but the suramoning of warre  
Blowne thorow discords brazen instrument,  
Are blessed now with accents that doe fill  
My age-dry'd veynes with youthfull blood againe.  
These eyes which had no other obieft once,  
But *Hector* twixt the armes of *Greece* and *Troy*,  
Hewing downe men, and making every field  
Flow with a sea of blood, now see's blood flow  
In my *Orestes* cheeke: heauen blesse this plant  
Sprung from the sap of this now iuicelesse oake,  
Now be thy branches greene, vnder whose shade  
I may be shaddowed from the heat of warre.  
Rise young *Orestes*, Oh how it glads my soule,  
To see my *Queene* and *Sonne*, my *Sonne* and *Queene*.

*Orestes  
kneeling.*

*Cly.* But come my Lord, true loue still hates delayes,  
Let no eares first be blessed with your breath,  
Till on my brest resting your wearied head,  
You tell your warre, whiche that the field's your bed.

*Aga.* My *Queen* shal haue her wil, see how times change,  
I that last night thought all the world a sea,  
As if our common mother earth, had now  
Shot her selfe wholly into *Neptunes* armes,  
And the strong hindges of the world had crackt,  
Letting the moone fall into th' swelling waues,  
Such watry mountaines oft did seeme to rise,  
And quite o'rwhelme vs, all the winds at warre,  
Banded the sea one to the others coasts,  
*Loue* thinking *Neptune* gan to striue for heauen,  
Senta new sea from thence, and with his thunder,  
Bad silence to the waues, they vncontrold,  
Kept on their noyse, and let their fury fwell,  
Turning heauen, earth, sea, clouds, and all to hell,  
Each Troian that was sau'd then gan to cry,  
Happy were they that did with *Priam* die.  
It glads mee now to thinke, that that night was  
No starre, no, not *Orion* there appear'd,  
But this night's turnd to day, and heere doth shine,  
For a good *Oren* my imbraced *Queene*.

With

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

With whom her Agamemnon still will stay,  
Till age and death shall bear him quite away.

*Exeunt Agamemnon: Clytemnestra: cum ceteris:*

### SCEN. II.

*manet Egystes.*

**Egypt.** And that shall be ere long, tush (shall be's) slow,  
My vengefull thoughts tell mee thou now art  
Fie faint *Apollo*, weakling infant-God, *founde* (dead).  
Why wouldst thou let lame *Vulcan*'s hammers beat  
Downe those braue Turrets which thou help'dst to build?  
*Venus*, I see thou art a woman now,  
Which here are like to take a double foyle,  
For me, that whilome reueld in thy campe  
In the sweet pleasures of incestuous sheets  
Must leaue our lou'd vnsatiate desires:  
But now begin, thou blacke *Eumenides*,  
You hand-mayds of great *Dis*, let such a flame  
Of anger burne mee, as doth *Etna*'s forge,  
On fury, on, our hate shall not die thus:  
I'll draw my poysonus arrow to the length,  
That it may hit the marke and fly with strength. *Exit.*

### SCEN. III.

*Enter Orestes: Pylades:*

**Orest.** Come now my dearest friend, my other selfe,  
My empty soule is now fild to the top,  
Brimfull with gladnesse; and it must runne o'r  
Into my deare friends heart: those siluer hayres,  
Which Time hath crown'd my Fathers brow withall,  
Doe shine within mine eyes, and like the Sunne,  
Extract all drossie vapors from my soule,  
Like as the earth, whom frost hath long benumb'd,  
And brought an Icie driness on her face,  
Her veines so open at a sudden thaw,  
That all plants, fruits, flowers, and tender grafts,  
Kept as close prisoners in their mothers wombe,  
Starts out their heads, and on a sudden doth  
The sad earths countenance with a summer looke,

*The Tragedie of Orestes.*

So in this brest, here in this brest, deare friend,  
Whiles *Annus* ten times circled in the world  
Ten clumzie winters, and ten lagging springs  
Hath with my Fathers absence frozen beene  
All thoughts of ioy, which now shall make a spring  
In my refreshed soule;

“ Things that wee daily see th’ affections cloy,  
“ Hopes long desired bring the greatest ioy :

*Pyl.* Nay but deare Cousin, giue not the reines too much  
To new received ioyes, lest that they runne  
With so much speed, that they out-breath themselues :  
Your Father is come home ; but being come  
Should now some wilfull afterclap offate  
( Which *Omen* *Love* forbide should come to passe )  
But take him hence agaistie, and crosse your ioy :  
Each sparke of gladnesse which yon now conceite,  
Would turne a flame, for grie fe still on extreme  
Altring his course, turnes to the diuers theame.

*Orest.* Tush *Pylades*, talke not of what may be,  
Wee may, indeed it shal clearest afternoone  
Expect a storme. *Pyl.* Yes, and such stormes oft come,  
And wet shrewd too, before we get at home.

*Orest.* O but I’ll be above all fatall power :  
I that have such a Father new come home,  
I that have such a friend, such too rare gifts,  
Who gave mee these gifts, thought no scowling frowne  
Of angry fortune e’r should throw mee downe :

*Pyl.* Call them not gifts *Orestes*, th’are but lent,  
Meere lendings friend, and lendings we must pay,  
When e’r the owner shall appoint his day.

*Orest.* True, *Pylades*, but owners vse to warne  
Their debtors when they must bring in their summes,  
But heauens tell mee with fauouring aspects,  
I still must keepe their lendings, and possesse,  
With frolike ioy, all their happinesse.

*Pyl.* Trust not the heauens too much, although they smile,  
Good looks doe mortall hearts too oft beguile :  
The heauens are vsurpers ; and as oft ‘tis seen  
A full pouched churle giue a most faire good Euen  
To his poore Creditor : who trusting that

Hath

## The Tregedie of Orestes.

Hath slackt his payment : on the morrow next  
He hath beene rooted out by the tusky boare,  
Which gaue thee faire good Euen the day before :  
The heauens can doe thus too —

*Orest.* Tush : mortalls must  
Leane on the sacred Heauen with greater trust ;  
But it growes farre in night, come let vs in  
To morrow shall our ioyes a fresh begin. *Exeunt.*

## S C E N. IV.

*Enter Egist. Clyt. with naked daggers ;*  
*Agam. lying in his bed.*

**E**gist. Night, now onely spred thy fable wings  
Ouer this climate, gather all thy fogs  
That they may meet, and make thy face more blacke :  
Let horrid murder take thee by the hand  
And come along : I haue a prodigie  
Equall to all the murders, all the blood  
That hath been shed in all Troyes ten yeeres seige *He*  
So, snore returned King ; good Morpheus hang *draws the*  
Thy leaden weights vpon his drowsie eyes *carriage.*  
Let him not wake till he shall see himselfe,  
Drentch in a sea of his vermilian goare :  
Thou doest no Troian, now no Hector feare,  
But yet I'll shew thee a new Hector here.

*Clyt.* See, I'll turne man too now, and to the hate  
Which wōmen beare, I'll adde a manly strength,  
My minde does tremble, what I meane to doe  
Breath forth your vapors, O ye stygian powers,  
And listen to hatefull womans prayers.

*Pluto* stand by me, for to aide my hand,  
I may strike home now, and performe an a<sup>t</sup>  
May make Medea blush, she thought not of :  
Could the old dry bon'd dotard euer dreame,  
Now he had drawn forth all his strength abroad,  
He could be welcome to lye bedred here  
And supple his numbe ioynts in my fresh armes ?

*Egist.* Spoke like a queene, spoke like Egistens loue,  
Now

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Now great *Tbyestes* Genius, which didst prompe  
Mee to this act, come, be-spectator now,  
And see reuenge for Athens bloody feast.  
And thou wrong'd *Clytemnestra* call to minde  
How his vnsatiate, lustfull, loath'd desire  
Doted on euery female face he saw,  
Rap't the Priests daughter, and so brought a plague  
On all the Grecian host: *Clytem.* yes, yes, *Egystens*, yes  
And rap't yong *Brisēis* from *Achilles* bed;  
Crowd all reuengefull thoughts into this houre,  
Now let thy sword let out that lustfull blood  
Wound him *Egystens*, kill him not at once,  
We'll be true Tyrants, let him feele he dies      *Egyst.*      *Stabs him.*

*Agam.* Helpe *Clytemnestra*, helpe me my deare Queene.  
*Clytem.* Yes dorard I will helpe thee, thus, yes thus :  
Remember the Priests daughter : this for her,      *She stabs*  
And this for *Brisēis*: *Agam.* see, my Grecians, see,      *him.*  
Your King which you so gladly entertain'd :  
So hide thy selfe in everlasting night,  
Or when thou risest let thy blushing face,  
Make these to blush; *Clytem.* I, so, curse on, curse on :

*Agam.* O *Clytemnestra*, O my once deare wife,  
Is this the entertainment that thou giu'st ;  
Thy new come husband, gratulat'st thou thus  
My ten years absence ? see these frosty haire  
Would euen mooue *Hecuba* to pittie me,  
Looke on theseaged armes which in this bed  
Thought to haue beene blessed with thy kinde imbrace,

*Clytem.* Yes, mine or *Cassandra*'s, old adulterer ?

*Agam.* Kinsman *Egystens*; O my dearest wife  
Whom shall I call ; me thinkes you both are mine,  
What *Tisias*, what *Megara* hath put on  
*Egystens* and my *Clytemnestra*'s shapes ?

*Egyst.* Calst thou vs friends ?      *Stabs him againe.*

*Agam.* O be not so, and I'll not call you so :  
Let not your coward weapons wound this head,  
That earst did scorne to shrinke at *Priams* blow.  
O hew me not downe thus for my sonns sake,  
Deare *Clytemnestra* for *Orestes* sake.  
Is this the Trojan tale how I should tell ?

That

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

That here great *Hector* slew *Antiochus*,  
And here that *Meoniades* was slaine,  
And poore *Prothesilaus* deare to *Laodamie*:  
I thought to tell how these men lost their blood;  
And see my blood is thus let forth at home.  
*Ægypt.* Is your hot blood yet cold? *Clyt.* breath dotard, do?  
You shall haue gapes inough to let your soule  
Finde a free passage to his deserued flames.

*Agam.* No pitty yet? O then, no pitty light  
On you, nor yours; but let dire reuenge  
Come learne how she may after handle you:  
O, I am drown'd in blood, and now must yeild  
To murderer's weapons; treason win's the field;  
Alas this comming home hath had small ioy,  
*Argos* hath worser foes then euer *Troy*.

*Clyt.* Now I am *Clytemnestra* right, now I deserue  
To adde one more to the three Furies, now  
Doe I count this more then my nuptiall night  
'Tis mine, tis thine *Ægypteus*, and none else  
Shall shre a minute of this right, but we.

*Ægypt.* Me thinks I now goe equall with the starres  
And my proud head toucheth the highest pole,  
Harke, Hell applauds me, and me thinks I heare *A noyse*.  
*Thyestes* tell me I haue done enough:  
And now I kisse my hands, whilſt yet they beare  
This tincture on them, and embrace my *Queene*,  
Now made my loue; lets i n, this night the Fates  
Haue amply fed vs with reuengefull cates. *Exeunt.*

### S C E N. V.

Enter *Orestes*, as from his bed, unbuttoned  
in slippers, a torch in his hand.

**V**V Hat horrid dreams affright me? I see naught  
That I should feare, and yet me thinks I feare.  
Mine eyes scarce clos'd, my busie fancy law  
A sight that dasht all comforts of the day:  
Me thought my Father lying in his tent,  
Hatefull *Achilles* for his wronged loue  
Comes in withi *Brisitis*, and they two let forth  
Streames of fresh blood from out his aged side;

Withi

### The Tragie of Orestes.

With that his Eccho'd schrieke did makeme wake,  
But I remembred then he was come home,  
And yet I'll see him, still me thinks I quake,  
Doe I still dreame? are not mine eyes vuclos'd? *he drawes*  
Is this a torch? yes, 'tis, it burns, I see *the curiaue.*  
I am awake, doenor delude menight!  
Now stand on tiptoes *Atlas*, liftheauen higher,  
I may haue ayre inough to breath my woes,  
O let me yet recall thy posting soule  
If *Charon* haue not hurried thee too fast  
If yet thou hast not drunk on lethes poole,  
Come backe, and tell mee who it is this night,  
Hath don thisdeed farre blacker then the night?  
Ha! art thou fled past call? why thou wert old  
Me thinkes thou shouldest not haste so fast away:  
Was it for this thou fwe'tst so oft in Armes!  
Was it for this that the froth swelling foame  
When thy ships top toucht Heauen, and deepe plac'd hell,  
That thou must yet escape curl'd *Neptune's* waues  
To be a *Palinurus* in thy shoare  
There drowne thy aged locks in crimson goare.  
O if one sparke yet of thy Princely Soule  
Remaine within this trunke, now let it shine  
And light my ignorant eyes to reade the names  
Of these night vultures, whose deououring bills  
Haue made a *Tisus* of thy royll corps:  
Who did not feare great *Agamemnon's* sleepe?  
Arme, arme your selues all you, all potent Gods  
You which we terme Iust ministers of Heauen,  
Shoote forked lightning from the marble poale  
Let the all-seeing eye of heauen shoote flames  
Which may parch vp the marrow from theirbones  
Should they lye coucht i'th brest a'th Thunderer,  
Or be entrencht with guards of Furies,  
Heauen, earth, nor hell should keepe them from my sword  
Dost thou sleepe *Ione*? O couldst thou snore so fast,  
And let thy great vicegerent thus be borne?  
Some of th' immortall powers haue had fathers,  
And know what'tis to haue them murdered thus.  
But I turne woman now, O I rauie out

My

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

My passions; doe grieve, poure out thy selfe,  
That thou mayst make roome in my empty heart  
To fill it with reuenge.

### SCEN. VI.

Enter Clytem. *Egypt. in night-robes.*

*Clyt.* How now? what ayles our sonne, how now *Orestes!*  
*Orest.* O some are come now to helpe me grieve,  
See, see mother, see, your husband and my Father,  
The King of Greece, great shepheard of his Land  
See, see him here: *She faines her selfe to frown: Eg. catcheth*  
*Cly.* O helpe now good heauen to keepe my sexe *her fal-*  
Let me dissemble. *Egypt.* Help my Lord the Queen. *[ling.*  
*Clyt.* O why let you not my soule, that whilst he liu'd,  
Was linkt to his, and wold too now haue fled  
With wing'd desire to haue beene with him,  
What doe I liue for, *Agamemnon* slaine,  
My Lord, my King, my Husband, wake my Lord,  
What bloody Trojan followed thee from thence  
To kill thee here, could he not one night  
Haue let me rest in thy sweet embraces?  
Must he for surenesse make so many holes  
For thy sweet soule to fye to be a God?  
O let my teares be balme to these thy wounds,  
Let my lips kisse, and warme thy gelid lips,  
Let my haire wipe these clots of bloud away  
From thy age-honor'd side: O dry your teares,  
Ioyne knees and prayers with mee, awake ye Gods,  
And send our vowe, since we can send no wounds: *They*  
Come son, we women still know how to curse, *[both kneel.*  
Let him that did it be an Adulterer;

*Egypt.* Faith she begins well, sure she knowes the man:

*Clytem.* Let him be conſcious he hath done a deed  
Deserves reuenge, whether it fall or no;  
Let him for euer beare in minde this night,  
And who 'twas helpt him in this bloody act.

*Egypt.* Yes, hee'll remeber how you curse him now,

*Orest.* If euer he haue children let them be  
Murdered before his face, that he may know

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

How nature bindes a father and a sonne,

*Egypt.* Now hands I thanke you, now my soule: grows  
Had not he greiu'd thus, I had lost reuenge. (glad;

*Cly.* But come my sonne, now let vs talke of graues,  
Of Epitaphs, and tombs, and's soule being fled, Draw the  
Let's slap his Trunke vp in a sheet of lead. *curtaine, and carrie*

*Exeunt Cly. & Egypt. manet Orest. [him away*

*Orest.* Me thinks I see a Tragedy at hand,  
To which this night hath as a Prologue bin;  
I'll make a prayer now worthy *Atreus* grandchilde,  
Let the foule Adder sting me as I walke,  
The poysonous toad belch her blacke venom forth;  
In my despised face, let it be thought  
I never had a father, but some monster  
Bred by a slimy exhalation;  
If my reuenge fly not with ample wing,  
Till then rest soule, hate told may lose his sting.

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## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Enter Cassandra as a mad Prophetesse.

*Cass.* O Ye dead Troians leap within your graues,  
O mother that thou hadst liu'd this night,  
Now thou'l be glad to haue lost so many sons,  
The Grecians are reueng'd vpon themselues,  
I thanke thee soule, that thou keptst here till now  
To let me see Greece ouercome it selfe;  
I liue, I liue, I'm here, I liue to see't:  
I doe not dreame on't, no, I saw the blood  
Run from his side, whole Catarackts, all Greece:  
Apollo how am I bound now for this  
That I doe onely see this happinesse,  
Hecuba, Priame, young Astianax  
Looke Hecuba, Greece now doth act your woes,  
Laugh Hecuba, for now Electra weeps:  
And Tyndarus he knows not what to doe:  
Come little Cuz, come my Astianax,  
Orestes is in a worse case then thou.

Still

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Still I had others for to weepe with me,  
But none are left to laugh now, but my selfe;  
What should he feare at home? A conquerer feare?  
Tis don, 'tis done, leue fighting *Hector*, leue,  
The Grecians meane to fight againtf themselues,  
From *Tyndarus* the first brand tooke fire  
Which burnt downe Troy: and now an other here  
Kindles from him, to set a fire Greece,  
*Graia innuena venit, que se, patremque virumq;*  
*Perdidit, Io lator, Graia innuena venit:*  
Hellen, thy sister Hellen, nay shee's thine:  
Who could haue thought that *Hector* being slaine,  
Old *Priame* made a sacrifice to death,  
Troy turn'd to cindars, poore *Andromacha*  
Dragg'd by her haire to death, *Astianax*  
Sent out o'th world before he well came in,  
Ha, ha, who could haue thought after all this  
*Cassandra* should haue euer laught againe,  
One houre of laughter following many yeeres  
Of discontent, doth helpe to sweeten teares.

Exi.

## A C T . I I . S C E N . I I .

Enter *Egyptes. Clytem.*

*Egypt.* Faire morning to my Queene, nay more, my loue,  
How likes my sweet her change of bedfellow?

*Clyt.* Looke as a hollow leafelesse failing oake,  
To whom for that he hath bin her weight too long,  
The earth denies to lend him moysture, so  
His sap failes, and he stands on a green  
Mongt sprouting Elms, that they may seem more fresh:  
Whilst hee's but held a monument of yeeres,  
Such one seem'd *Agamemnon*; a drie tree:  
Thou like a sprouting elme, whom I embrase  
Like twining Iuy, with these now-blest armes,  
Blest whilſt this treasure in them they holdlockt.

*Egypt.* O who'l not doe a murder for a woman!  
Heauen had but two things for the Gods reseru'd  
Fire, and women, when wth Giant thought  
*Prometheus* had tane one, *Ioue* in his rage

C 2

Threw

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Threw him the to'ther, bad him keepe 'em both,  
O th'are rare creatures, they haue such *Meanders*,  
Their teates will come and goe with such Ait,  
Come now my *Queene*, one sweet Ambrosian kisse,;  
O *Nectar* ! prethe hadst thou taught thy teares  
How they should flow before : *Clyt.* No, trust me loue,  
I knew my teares would soone be at command,  
And saith the boy had almost made me weepe  
Really once : were not my curses rare ?

*Aegyft.* Yes, all was womanlike, but yet that boy  
Hetooke it deeply, would he were with his father,  
So gon, it skills not how, were he away  
We would aften freely all our lustfull play :

*Clyt.* O but my loue, hee's mine ; nor can the rauen  
Dig her sharpe beake into her owne birds brest :  
He will forget his father : woe will breake,  
Tis not the greatest grieve that most doth speake.

*Aegyft.* O but hee'll beare a still suspitious eye ;  
And who in bloudy Scenes doth act a part,  
Thinks euery eye doth penetrate his heart.  
Nor can we ere be free, or I in ioy  
True pleasures, we must be but theeues at most,  
Close in delights, and haue a Pander still  
To be a Factor, 'twixt thy bed and mine  
This we could haue before, what now we doe  
The world should see done, and applaud it too.

*Clyt.* Why my deare Loue, I that would set my hand  
To stainc my marriage sheets with husbands blood  
Would let these hands instructed now in ill,  
Nor leauue one arm of that vrooted tree,  
Could but *Aegyft* give me any hope,  
That from this top there should one spreading branch  
Grow vp and flourish. *Aegyft.* Now thou art thy selfe,  
Yes, yes my loue, there shall one sprung from vs  
Shall be a lofty Pine, let this be cropt,  
Murder must murder guard, guilt adde to guilt,  
After one drop whole streams of blood be spilt. *walks away.*

SCEN.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

SCEN. III.

Enter Pylades: Orestes: Electra: Strophius.

Dear friend, what mean you, to o'rwhelme your selfe,  
In such a sea of grieve? *Orest.* Father deare *Agamem.*

*Pyl.* Nay let this tempest fall, thou hast lost a father,  
Why, tis but change, my father shall be thine,  
I'll be thy brother, nay, I'll be thy selfe,  
Weepe when thou weep'st, and where thou go'st I'll goe,  
And bring thee on thy pilgrimage of woe.

*Elect.* Brother, looke vp, haue not I lost a father?  
Yes, and would a riuier of fresh teares  
Turne *Lethe* stremme, and bring him from the wharf,  
With a North gale of windy blow'ing sighs,  
I would expire my soule, become all teares.

*Stroph.* Come, you haue lost a father, I a brother,  
The Queene a Husband, all the Land a King,  
Yet all thi's but a man; Therefore must die:  
Our woes may all be in one ballance poy'sd,  
His booke of life the Fates had ouer-read,  
And turn'd the leafe where his last period stood.  
Now an immortall wreath circles his brow,  
And makes him King in heauen, who was before  
At most a God on earth; Hence difference springs,  
Kings are earths Gods, and Gods are heauenly Kings.

*Orest.* Let vs ioyne words then now, and Swan-like sing,  
The dolefull dirge to a departed King:  
Thou friend didst of this misery diuine,  
Therefore the burthen of the song is mine:  
Words Orators for woe, which plead the cause,  
When grieve's the Judge, and sighs are all the lawes,  
Each one a sob, for *Diapason* beares,  
Our tunes shall drowne the musique of the spheares:  
O what *Hirundo* with vnsatiate thirst,  
Could draw the blood from out those Princely veynes,  
From whence flowes comfort to so many soules. (*Spies his*  
Mother, when wept you last, heere take a scarfe *mother,*  
Dry your eyes, now by *lone* you need none, *goes to her.*  
What shone of comfort hath dri'd vp your teares?)

*The Tragedie of Orestes.*

*Clyt.* Our sonne's too fawcie with his mother *Qucene*:  
Why, Sir, shall you tell vs a time to weepe?

*Orest.* Vs? good: Who is't makes the plurality?  
I was wont to be my father, does he liue?

*Clyt.* Sir, curbe this lauish speech, or I'll forget  
You are my sonne, and make you but a subiect.

*Egypt.* Good Cousin adde not disobedience  
Vnto your mothers grieves. *Orrst.* My mother, no,  
She is not here, no, she hath hid her selfe  
In some odde nooke, or angle vnpereceu'd,  
She might not see this impious stygian world. (sheath?

*Clyt.* *Aegistheus*, canst thou still suffer thy dal sword i'th  
Take the ranke head from this o'r-growing weed.

*Siro.* Remember *Clytemnestra*, he's your sonne.

*Clyt.* He is so, and I'll learne him to be so:  
Had I a brazen bull, it should be heat,  
Hotter then for the Tyrant: Disobedient?  
More harsh then Adders hisses is thy voyce,  
Sir, you shall die, but with a liuing death,  
He still shall liue, but liue to know he dies;  
Who strait threats death, knowes not to Tyrannize.

*Exeunt Aegistheus, Clytemnestra.*

*Siro.* What temper's growne on the distracted *Qucene*!  
Hath grieve conceiu'd for her late husbands death,  
Brought her so farre, shee hath forgot her selfe?

*Orest.* No Vnkle, no, by heauen, I doe suspect,  
O, my propheticke soule diuines much ill:  
Well, I will flic, but heare this stratagem,  
It shall be rumor'd i'th' eare o'th' Court  
I was found dead, I'll put a new shape on,  
And liue alone, to heare how things goe here.

*Pyl.* Nay, not alone *Orestes*, whil'st I liue,  
Shouldst make thy bed vpon the rigid Alps,  
Or frozen *Caucasus*, wrapt in sheets of snow,  
I'd freeze vnto thy side; we will tell tales  
Of Trojan warriours, and deposed Kings,  
Tell of strange shipwracke, of old *Priams* fall,  
How mad *Andromacha* did teare her hayre,  
When the wild horses tore braue *Heitors* limbs:  
We'll thinke they all doe come, and weepe with vs;

*Griefe*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Griefe loues companions, and it helpeth woe,  
When it heares every one grone forth his (Oh)  
It easeth much, and our plaints fall more sweet,  
When a whole confort, in one tune doe meet.  
The halfe-dead ship-man, which hath shipwracke borne,  
Seeing many drown'd, it makes him lesse to mourne :  
It made *Dencalion* care the lesse to die,  
When hee had all the world in company.  
Thus we will sit, and our teares turnes shall keepe,  
Thou for thy father, I for thee will weepe :  
If actors on the stage hauing no cause,  
But for to winne an hearers hands applause,  
Can let fall teares, we'll thinke wee Actors be,  
And onely doe but play griefes Tragedie.

*Orest.* O, but deare friend, should we but act a part,  
The play being ended, passion left the heart,  
And we should share of ioy, but my whole age  
Must neuer moue from off this wofull Stage:  
But we must take our leaue ; Uncle, farewell,  
Remember what I speake ; and Sister, you  
Must tarry here, my thoughts shall busied be,  
To finde the man that let my fasher blood,  
Can I but finde *Egyptens* did consent,  
To spill one drop, O I would pierce his heart  
With venom'd daggers, and so butcher him,  
That all *Apollo*'s skill in physicke hearbs,  
Nor *Esculapius* th' Epidaurian God,  
Should keepe his soule out of *Enio*'s hand ;  
Come my deare friend, to all the rest farewell,  
If heauen relate it not, I'll know't from hell.

*Exeunt Pylades: Orestes.*

## SCEN. III.

*Enter Egyptens: Clytemnestra: Myfander: Strophis;*  
*Electra another way.*

*Egypt.* **V**V Hat, is Orestes fled? sure there's some plot,  
If you deare Queen, but search *Elect.* well,  
You'll finde she knowes whither her brothers gone,  
*Cly.* If in her heart there be but od'da thought,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Vnknowne to mee this hand shall rip her brest,  
And search her inparts: but I'll finde it our.

*Mysander, call Electra:*

*Egypt.* O, were that moat tane from our comforts beams,  
No cloud could euer then o're shade our ioyes,  
His life must be cut off without delay,  
Mischief by mischiefe findes the safest vway:  
But here's *Electra*:

*Clyt.* Why, how now Minion, what a blubbering still?  
Huswife, pray vvhile's your brother, where's my sonne?  
*Elect.* Mother, pray wher's my father, wher's your husband,  
Haile to my gratiouse Queene, here's one at doore (Enter  
Strophilus,  
and speaks.)  
Brings you a message, hee vwill not relate  
To any, but your selfe, he faies tis sad.

*Clyt.* Why, the more dismall, the more vvelcome 'tis,  
But as for you. *Elect.* Good mother doe your worst,  
No plague can euer make me more accurst,  
Nothing is worse then death, that I'll not flye.

*Clyt.* Yes, life is worse to those that faine vwould die.  
But vvhile's the messenger?

### S C E N. V.

*Enter Nuncius.*

**V**Vhat whirlewind rising from the wombe of earth  
Doth raise huge *Pelion* vnto *Offa's* top,  
That both being heapt, I standvpon them both  
And with an hundred *Stenter*-drowning voyce,  
Relate vnto the world the saddest tale,  
That euer burnded the weake iawes of man:

*Egypt.* Why, what portentious newes? Amaze vs not,  
Tell vs what e'r it be.

*Nun.* Were my minde settled, would the gellid feare,  
That freezeth vp my sense, set free my speech,  
I would vnfold a tale which makes my heart  
Throb in my intralls: when I seeme to see't.

*Clyt.* Relate it quickly, hold's not in suspence.

*Nun.* Vpon the mount of yonder rising cliffe,  
Which the earth hath made a bulwarkē for the sea,  
Whose peerlesse head is from the stremes so high,

That

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

That whosoe'er lookes downe his braine will swim  
With a *vertigo*: The space remou'd so farre  
The object from the eye, that a tall ship  
Seem'd a swift flying bird: vpon this top  
Saw I two men making complaints to heauen,  
One's voyce distinctly still cry'd, Father, King,  
Great *Agamemnon*: whose diuiner soule  
Fled from thy corps, exil'd by buckers hands,  
His friend still sought to keepe his dying life  
With words of comfort, that it shoul'd not rush  
Too violently vpon the hands of Fate.  
He deafe as sea, to which he made his plaints,  
Still cry'd out, *Agamemnon*, I will come,  
And finde thy bleſſed soule where e'er it walke,  
In what faire Tempe of *Elisium*  
So e'er it be, my soule shall find it out;  
With that his friend knit him within his armes,  
Striuing to hold him, but when twas no boord,  
They hand in hand, thus plung'd into the maine.  
Strait they arose, and striu'd, me thought, for life,  
But swelling *Neptune* not regarding friends,  
Wrapt their embraced limbs in following waues.  
Vntill at laſt, their deare departing foulſ  
Haſtned to *Styx*, and no more cloud ſee.

*Stro.* O, 'twas *Orestes*, 'twas my *Pylades*,  
Whicharme in armes did follow him to death.

*Elect.* O my *Orestes*, O my dearest brother,  
'Tis he, 'tis he that thus hath drown'd himſelfe.

*Egylf.* Why, then if *Agamemnon* and his ſonne  
Haue brought their leafe of life to the full end;  
I am *Thyestes* ſonne, and the next heyre,  
To ſit in *Argos* Throne of Maiesty.  
Thanks to our *Alpheus* ſea, who as't ad striu'd  
To gratifie *Egylfus*, rais'd his force,  
And gathered all his waters to one place,  
They might be deepe inough to drowne *Orestes*:  
But come my *Queene*, let vs command a eaſt:  
To get a kingdome, who'l not thinke it good,  
To swim vnto it through a ſea of blood.

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

### A C T . I I I . S C E N . I .

Enter Tyndarus: Misander.

Tynd. O Vr daughter send for vs? how fares she? well?  
She mournes I'm sure for her husbands death.

Mis. My Lord, shee tooke it sadly at the first:  
But time hath less'n'dit. Tynd. I, grieve soone ends  
That flowes in teares; they still are wemens friends:  
But how is't rumord now in Argos, though,  
That Agamemnon dyde. Mis. Why, hee was old,  
And death thought best to seise on him at home,

Tynd. 'Twas a long home, hee got by comming home,  
Well, well, Misander, I like not the course,  
The peoples murimure makes my cheeke to blush.

Mis. My gracieus Lord, who trusts their idle murmure,  
Must neuer let the blush goe from his cheeke,  
They are like flagges growing on muddy banks,  
Whose weake thin heads blowne, with one blast of winde,  
They all will shake, and bend themselues one way;  
Great mindes must not esteeme what small tonges say.  
All things in state must euer haue this end,  
The vulgar should both suffer, and commend,  
If not for loue, for feare; great maiesty  
Should doe those things the vulgar dare not see.

Tynd. O, Sir, but those that doe command for feare,  
Doe in their hearts a secret hatred beare.  
Euer learne this; the truest praiile indeed,  
Must from the heart, and not from words proceed.  
I feare some foule play: doth *Egyptens* meane,  
Then totally for to iuest himselfe

In Agamemmons seat? Where's young Orestes?

Mis. Why my Lord? hee for the great grieve conceiu'd,  
Being young, not knowing well to rule himselfe  
With sway of reason, ranne vpon his death,  
And threw himselfe with my Lord *Strophius* sonne,  
Into the midst of *Alpheus*, so was drown'd.

Tynd. How took my daughter that? Mis. Why, wisely too,  
And like her selfe; not being in despaire:

Her

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Her roiall wimbe will bring forth many more,  
Shall be as deare as e'r *Orestes* was.

*Tynd.* I feare heauen cannot looke with equall eyes  
Vpon so many deaths, but meanes to send  
Plague after plague; for in a wretched state,  
One ill begets another dismall Fate:  
But goe and tell my daughter I will come,  
And helpe to solemnize her nuptiall night:  
Her hasty wedding, and the old Kings neglect,  
Makes my conjecturall soule some ill suspect. *Exeunt.*

### S C E N. II.

*Enter Orestes, and Pylades.*

*Orest.* If euer God lent any thing to earth,  
Wherby it seem'd to sympathize with heauen,  
It is this sacred friendship: Gordian knot  
Which Kings, nor Gods, nor Fortune can vndoe.  
O what Horoscopus, what constellation,  
Held in our birth so greatan influence,  
Whch one affection in two mindes unites?  
How hath my wo beene thine, my fatall ill  
Hath still beene parted, and one share beene thine!

*Pyl.* Why, dearest friend, suppose my case were thine,  
And I had lost a father, wouldst not thou  
In the like sort participate my grieve?

*Orest.* Yes, witness heauen I wou'd.

*Pyl.* So, now thou haft lost a father,

*Orest.* True, *Pylades*, thou putst me well in mind,  
I haue lost a father, a deare, deare father,  
A King, a braue old King, a noble souldier,  
And yet he was murdered: O my forgetfull soule;  
Why shold not I now drawe my vengefull sword,  
And strait-way sheath it in the murderers heart?

*Minos* shold neuer haue vacation,  
Whilst any of our progeny remain'd.  
Well, I will goe, and so massacre him,  
I'll teach him how to murder an old man,  
A King, my Father, and so dastardly  
To kill him in his bed. *Pyl.* Alas, *Orestes*!

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Griefe doth distract thee: who ist thou wist kill?

*Orest.* Why, he, or she, or they that kill'd my father.

*Pyl.* I, who are they? *Orest.* Nay, I know not yet,

But I will know. *Pyl.* Stay thy vengefull thoughts,

And since thus long we haue estrang'd our selues

From friends and parents, lets thinke why it is,

And why we had it noyse in the Court,

We both were dead; the cause was thy reuenge,

That if by any secret priuate meanes,

We might but learne who'twas, that drench'd their swounds

In thy deare fathers blood, wee then wold rouze

Blacke *Nemesis* in flames from out her caue,

And shee should be the vmpire in this cause.

Mans soule is like a boystrous working sea,

Swelling in billowes for disdaine of wronges,

And tumbling vp and downe from day to day,

Growes greater still in indignation,

Turnes malecontent, in pleafesse melancholly,

Spending her humours in dull passion, still

Locking her senses in vnclosed gins,

Till by reuenge shee sets at liberty.

*Orest.* O, now my thirsty soule expects full draughts

Of *Ate*'s boylng cup: O, how two'lde ease

My heart, to see a channell of his blood,

Streaming from hence to hell, that kill'd my father,

*Pyl.* I, but deare friend, thou must not let rage loose,

And like a furious Lyon, from whose denne

The forrester hath stolne away his young,

Hee missing it, strait runnes with open lawes

On all he meets, and neuer hurting him

That did the wrong; wise men must mix reuenge

With reason, whichby prouidence will prompt,

And tell vs where's the marke, whereat we ayme.

Till then in Cinders wee'll rake vp our griefe,

Fire thus kept, still liues, but opened dies,

From smallest sparks great flames may one day rise.

*Orest.* True, friend, but, O, who euer will reueale

This hideous act! what power shall wee inuoke?

*Pyl.* Yes, harken friend, I haue bethought a meanes;

Not distant farre from this place where we liue,

There

### The Tragedie of Orefles.

There stands a catie hard by a hollow oake,  
In a low valley where no Sun appeares,  
No musique euer was there heard to sound ;  
But the harsh voyce of croking ominous ranens,  
And sad Nyctimine the bird of night,  
There's now a shed vnder whose ancient roofe,  
There sometimes stood an Altar for the Gods,  
But now slow creeping time, with windy blasts  
Hath beaten downe that stately Temples walls,  
Defac't his rich built windows, and vntil'd  
His battlemented roofe, and made it now  
A habitation, nor for God, nor men :  
Yet an old woman, who doth seem to striue  
With the vast building for antiquity,  
In whose rough face time now hath made such holes,  
As in those vncouth stones she there hath made  
Her selfe a cell, where in to spend her age ;  
Her name's *Canidia* ; great in Magique spells,  
At whose dire voyce, the gods themselfes would quake,  
To heare her charme the second time pronounc't.  
One that can know the secrets of Heaven,  
And in the ayre hath flying ministers,  
To bring her news from earth, from sea, from hell :  
Which, when thick night hath compas't in the world,  
Then doth she goe to dead mens graues and tombs,  
And sucks the poysonous marrow from their bones,  
Then makes her charme, which she nere spent invaine,  
Nor doth she come as suppliant to the Gods,  
But making *Erebus*, and Heauen to quake,  
She sends a spell drowning infernall thunder,  
By which all secrets that were euer don,  
In faire white parchment writ in lines of blood,  
Lockt in the intmost roome of hell it selfe  
Is brought vnto her : and by her we may  
Haue leaue to looke in *Pluto's* register,  
And read the names of those most loathed Furies,  
Which rent thy Fathers soule from out his truncke,  
But she must see thy Fathers dead bones first,  
Them we must bring her, for by them she works :  
This if thou dar'st assay, I'll goe along.

Orefles.

## The Tragedie so Orestes.

*Orest.* If I dare assay? yes, yes, deare friend,  
Were it to burst my Fathers sepulchre,  
And wake his *Manes*, shew them *Radamanth*,  
Their iterated sight will burze my soule  
With such a sparkling flaine of dire reuenge,  
As *Nessus* shirt did burn great *Hercules*,  
If that the scrowle which did containe their names,  
Were in a lake of flaming brimstone drencht,  
I'd take it out, or fetch't from *Pluto's* armes:  
But come; If earth haue such a creature as can tell,  
Twill faue a iourney for this once from hell.

### SCEN. III.

*Enter Egyst. Clytem. Tynd. Myssander. Strophius. Elektra,*  
*cum ceteris. with a crown. Egyst. ascends the throne. Mi-*  
*ander crownes him. Clytem. great with child.*

*Mys.* ALL yeares of happy dayes, all hours of Ioy  
So circle in thy state, as doth this crown  
Wreath and combine thy princely temples in,  
All speak! Iose still protect *Egysthenus*.  
*Egyst.* Thanks to my Fathers subiects:  
Now *Argos* swell vp to the brim with ioy,  
And streams of gladnes flow on *Tyndarus*,  
Now made our Father, see old King, see here's  
My Queene doth meane to make thee a grandfather,  
See how thy royll blood shall propagate,  
Whose Kingly drops like heauen distilling dew  
Shall addc fresh life vnto thy withered roote.

*Tyn.* Yes, but *Egysthenus*, there were armes before  
Grew on this tree; but the Fates, eniuious axe  
Hath cut them off before th'ad time, to sproute:

*Clyt.* O Sir, the Fates needs must haue leaue to make  
Wayes for themselves to mannage what they doe:  
Had *Agamemnon* and *Orestes* liu'd,  
They could not then haue blest me with these gifts:  
Still when the heauens and Fates doe worke their will,  
They intend good, though sometimes there com: ill:  
*Tynd.* O but pray Iose the Fates now were not forc't,  
But deedslike words no man can e're reca'g  
Bee't good or ill; once don, we must beare all.

*Egyst.*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Come Father sit we downe, and make a feaſt, *They ſet to the  
To glad our hearts; Heauen ſtill doth for the beſt.* *feaſt.*

*Sirob.* O let my latterage not liue to ſee

*Ægithens* weare great *Argus* diademē :

*Eleſt.* Feare not good vncle, there wil be a time  
To pull him downe, although he yet doth climbe :

*Tynd.* Who euer trusted much on fortunes gifts,  
On wife, on ſtate, on health, on friends, on lands,

May looke on *Agamemnon*s comming home:

Fortune me thinks ne're ſhew'd her power more;

How quickly could ſhe turn her Fatall fword

Vpon his breſt, that thought himſelfe paſt harme,

She that had viſt death like an angry dogge,

Holding him vp, when that he ſhould haue bit,

When al the game was paſt, and ſ Fury laid,

The King being paſt all danger, ſafe at home,

Then he ſlip's coller, neuer vntill then;

And fortune ſhe ſtood hisſing of him on,

Till he had torne the good King's ſoule away.

*Ægyſt.* Nay but good Father let paſſe elegies, *Clyt. ſeems*

You draw fresh tears now from your daughters eies, *to weep*

Who ſhed enough before at's funerall,

Let's talke who are to liue, not who are dead;

And thinke what progeny ſhall ſpring from vs

May beare your Image ſtamp't vpon the face,

This we muſt talke of now, not what griefs paſt

But of the ioy to com: : *Ægyſt.* My Queen not well?

Now good *Eleſtra* looke vnto your mother, *Clyt. riſeth*

*Lucina* be propitious to the birth; *from the table.*

Why will not now a young *Ægithens* be,

As gratefull as an old *Orestes* was?

Thou times good lenghener, age, poſterity,

Spread thy ſelfe ſtill vpon *Ægithens* line,

Help me to treasure vp antiquity,

And from *Tbyſtēs* loyns let ſpring an heire,

Shall euer ſit in great *Tbyſtēs* chaire.

*Exeunt.*

SCEN.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

SCEN. IV.

Enter Pylades & Orestes, with his arme full of  
a dead mans bones and a scull.

*Pylad.* **N**ære to this shady groue, where never light  
Appeares, but when 'tis forced with som charme,  
*Canidia* dwells, in such a dusky place,  
That the night goblins feare to come too neare it,  
Here let vs knocke. *Orest.* Nay, *Pylad.*, 'ee here,  
'O giue me leaue to descant on these bones:  
This was my Fathers scull; but who can know  
Whether it were some subiects scull, or no:  
Where be these Princely eyes, commanding face,  
The braue Maiesticke looke, the Kingly grace,  
Wher's the imperious frowne, the Godlike smile,  
The gracefull tongue, that spoke a souldiers stile?  
Ha, ha, worms eat them: could no princely looke,  
No line of eloquence writ in this booke,  
Command, & yet perswade the worms away!  
Rebellious worms! could a King beare no fway?  
Iniurious worms! what could no flesh serue,  
But Kings for you? By heauen you all shall sterue:  
Had I but known't; what must my father make?  
A feast for you? O ye devouuring creatures!

*Pyla.* Now some *Archilocus* to helpe him make  
Vengefull Iambiques, that would make these worms  
To burst themselues; Passion must please  
It selfe by words, grieve told it selfe doth ease.

*Orest.* You cowardly bones, would you be thus vncloth'd  
By little crawling wormes! by *Ione* I never thought  
My Fathers bones could e're haue bee[n] such cowards:  
O you vngratefull wormes how haue you v'l'd him;  
See their ingratitude: O ambitious creatures,

How they still domineere, or'e a King, carcasse, (the crown

*Pyla.* How could they thinke *Orestes*, when thoucam'st to  
That thou shouldest beare, that these should eat thy father,

*Orest.* True? *Pylades*, should not I rend their maws,

Deuise some new tortures? O most horrible treason,  
That worms should come vnto a great Kings face,

And

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

And eate his cyes : why, I would vndertake  
But at one stampe to kill a thousand of 'em,  
And I will kill these : *Stamps upon them.*  
Goe you Kings-eating creatures : I will marre  
All your digestion. *Pylad.* Alas, where be his wits ?  
He stands declaiming against senselesse worms,  
And turnes more senselesse then the worms themselues ;  
Wher's now the oracle you should consult,  
The great Magician, now the *Centaurs* thought  
Shall be example to all future yeers,  
And now transcend *Proserpina*'s inuention,  
Ha, haſt thou found them out, ha, were they worms ?

*Orest.* O prethe laugh not at me me, call her, call her ; *Pyl.*  
Whilst I stand gathering vp my Fathers bones, *(knocks.)*  
His deare disiect bones ; O, I remember, here  
Ran the ſtrong ſinewes, twixt his knitting ioynts,  
Here to this bone was ioynd his Princely arme,  
Here stood the hand that bare this warlike shield,  
And on this little ioynt was place't the head,  
That *Atlas*-like bare vp the weight of Greece,  
Here, here betwixt these hollow yawning iaws  
Stood once a tongue, which with one little word  
Could haue commanded thouſand ſouls to death :  
Good hands indure this your weighty taske,  
And good eyes ſtrive not to make moyst his bones  
With weeping teares :  
What ſin's our *Procuſtes* euer could  
Haue hacket a King into ſuch things as theſe ;  
Alas her's euery part now ſo deform'd,  
I know not which was his, yet all was his.

*Sound infernall Musique.*

## S C E N . V.

*Enter Canidia, like an Enchauntreffe.*

*Orest.* Proteft vs O ye Ministers of Heauen,  
Stand neare me my good *Genius*, my ſoule hath loſt  
His humane function, at this helliſh fight.

*Can.* Who is't diſturbſ our caue, what messenger  
Hath *Pluto* ſent, that would know ought from vs,

E

What

*The Tragedie of Orestes.*

What are you, speake, *Canidia* cannot stay.

*Pylad.* Prompt vs some Ghost,  
Great feare of earth, and gouernes of nature,  
In whose deepe closet of that sacred heart,  
Are written the characters of future Fate; .  
And what is done, or what must be thon knowst:  
Whose words make burning *Acheron* grow cold,  
And *Ione* leaue thundring, when he heares thy name,  
To thee we come: O turne thy secret booke,  
And looke whose names thou there shalt see inscrib'd  
For murderers, reade or'e all the catalogue,  
Vntill thou findeſt there, engrauen thole  
Which kild the King of Greece, great *Agamemnon*.

*Orest.* Yes, he that did owe theſe bones which worms haue  
It is not now one of the meaneſt ſort. (cate;  
That craves this boone, but 'tis the heire of Greece,  
Heire onely now but to my Fathers graue;  
I not command, but my altoniſt foule  
Entreats to know.  
If in thy booke it be not yet put downe,  
Command the Gods to vnlocke the gates of Heauen;  
And fetch forth death, command him to relate  
Who 'twas put *Agamemnon* in his hands,  
This is our busiaſſe, this, great prophetiſe,  
Made vs approach to thy moſt hallowed cell.

*Can.* Ho, ho, ho, I tell thee fond young Prince!  
A leſſer power thou mightſt haue implor'd,  
Which might haue virg'd th'vnwilling fiends to this:  
Our dire enchantments carry ſuſt a force,  
That when the ſtarre, and influence of heauen,  
Haue ſuſt the liuely bloud from out mens veynes,  
I at my pleasure bring it backe againe;  
I knew each houre in the Troian fight,  
What Grecian, or what Phrygian ſhould die,  
And fierce *Achilles* had no ſooner pierc't  
Great *Hectors* ſide, but fate did ſend me word:  
Earth, Sea, deepe *Chaos*, all the ſtony hills,  
Will ope themſelues to ſhew me prodigies;  
Night will vnmakē her brow, to let me ſee  
What blacke conceptions teeme within her wombē.

*Oref.*

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

*Orest.* O then relate great Mistresse of thy Art,  
The things we craue : *Can.* what time of night is't ?

*Pyl.* Vpon the stroke of twelue.

*Can.* Straite when a cloudy Euen clappeth the Ayre,  
And all light's drench't in misty *Acheron*,  
When the blacke palpherys of the full chekct moone,  
Haue got behinde this part'a'th Hemispheare,  
And darke *Aldbor*, and is mounted high  
Into the sable *Cassiopeias* chaire,  
And night ful mounted in her seat of iet,  
Sits wrapt within a cabinet of clouds,  
When serpents leaue to hisse, no dragons yell,  
No birds doe sing, no harsh tun'd toads doe croake,  
The Armenian Tyger, and the rauenous woolfe,  
Shall yeeld vp all their tyranny to sleepe,  
And then none walke but hells disturbed spirits,  
Children of night, such as belong to me,  
I'll shew thee thy desire ; give me these bones.

*Orest.* Here, take them M<sup>other</sup>, vse them gently,  
They were a Kings bones once ; O not so hard.

*Can.* Why sensleste boy, dost thinke that I respect  
A Kings dead bones, more then an other mans ;  
O they smell rankly ; I, this sent dorth please, Smells to  
(thm.)

But I must now to worke : why *Sagana*.

*Pylad.* Looke here thou King of Greece, fond *Menel. the*,  
Thou which didst bring so many goodly shapes, *Take up the*  
Into such things as thicke, and all for *Helen*, (scull.)  
Which when the worms bred of her dainty flesh,  
Shall haue knew'd off her tender rubie lips,  
And left her gumless<sup>e</sup>, looke vpon her then ;  
And thou wouldest euen disgorge thy selfe to see,  
Such putride vermin to lye kissing her.

*Orest.* This head had once a royll diadem,  
Now knock it, beate it, and twill ne're cry treason.

*Can.* Why *Sagana*.

*Orest.* There was a player once vpon a stage,  
Who striuing to present a dreary passion,  
Brought out the vrne of his late buried sonn,  
It might the more affect him, and draw teares,  
But I, as if I had no passion left,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Not acting of a part, but really  
In a true cause hauing my Fathers bones,  
His hollow scull, yet crawling full of worms,  
I cannot weepe, no not a teare will com.

*Can.* Why *Sagana, Veia, Erielbo*, know you not your time?

### S C E N . V I .

*Enter Sagana, Veia, Erielbo, 3. witches.*

*Sag.* **V V** Hat wold you Beldame?

*Can.* Hath not trifor'm'd *Hecate* put on  
Her Styx-died mantle, is't not now fit time  
To worke our charmes in?

*Veia.* We here are ready 'gainst thy sacred charme.

*Can.* You two, sit by, and beare in minde this charge,  
Who e're you see, who euer I present ;  
Let your tongues be percullist in your iaws,

Stir not, nor speake not, till the charme be done.

*Pyl.* Feare not, it shall be chain'd with silence.

*Can.* Night, and *Diana* sacred Queene,  
Which euer hast spectator beene  
Vnto our balefull hideous rights,  
Ne're acted but in darkeſt nights,  
Now in this fatall herſ-bred houre,  
Shew to my rites thy greatest power.

*Erielbo* when my torch ſhall twinkle,  
Auernall water thou ſhalt ſprinkle  
Abour the roome, now let vs kneele,  
Our heauy burthen Hell ſhall feele :  
Lets all coyn words, now we may ſee  
Who 'twas did worke this prodigie.

*Omnes.* *Pluto*, great *Pluto*, we command,  
Thou ſend vnto vs out of hand,  
The ſhapes of thoſe that kild the King,  
Great *Agamemnon*.

Infernall Musique.

*Enter in adumbe ſhow* *Ægyſtheus*, and *Clytem.* with  
their bloody daggers, looke vpon the bed, goe to it, and  
ſtab, and then mak a ſhow of gladnes and depart.

*Or.* O 'tis aboue my bearing, were I linkeſt here with chains,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

I would like *Cerberus* draw *Alcides* backe :  
Stay, stay, by heauens, reuenge shall take you here ;  
Nay, I will follow you, should they take their cue,  
Where *Aetna* vomits fire, I would in :  
My mother, *Clitemnestra*, *Egysthenus*, was it they ?  
Nay, I will o'take thean.

*Can.* O sonne, remember what I told you sonne,  
Many a rockie hill and stony mount,  
Many a sea, and vast *Charybdis* gulfe,  
Stands betwixt them and thee, though they seeme neere.

*Ore.* O piety ! O most prodigious nature !  
What creatures haft thou made to liue on earth ?  
How haft thou cloath'd blacke darknesse with a scarfe  
Of vNSTAIN'd purity, and put a godly face  
Vpon portentuous diuell's ? Oh, how my mother wept !  
How *Clitemnestra* ! how that *Hisia* wept !  
No more my mother, I abjure the name,  
She did not bring me forth, I know she did not :  
But I'll o'take 'em ; shew mee *Canidia* where,  
Which way they went, where haue they hid themselfes.  
Should they mount vp to the chariot of the Sunne,  
And in his Carre fly to the *Antipodes*,  
Or in the farthest nooke of yonder sphare :  
Get vp and place themselfes betwixt *Taurus* hornes,  
The fire-breathing bull, nor *Lerna's* *Hydra*,  
Were there no entrance butten Lyons iawes,  
I'd runne through all, and make my way my selfe :  
I'd fix them to the Axell tree of heauen,  
Where their infectious Carcasses shauld hang,  
Abait for flying spirits in the Ayre.  
*Canidia*, I thanke thee for thy paines ;  
Still may thy sacred Act reueale such deeds,  
Still keepe the gates of *Orcus* yawning ope,  
Make the darke powers ready at command.

*Pyl.* But let vs haste deare friend, this vast worlds roome :  
Allowes vs none, but thy dead fathers Tombe :  
Here's naught but ayres of death, no bed but stones  
Our pillow's a dead scull, companions bones,  
Thi's all our comfort, if wee needs must die,  
We haue a graue prepar'd wherein to lie.

*Orest.*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

*Orest.* Now pale Tisiphone, O for thy Snakes !  
O that renonw'ned spirit, that more then man,  
Whom all the Trojan host could not o'whelme,  
Murdred; but what braue warrier wore a crown,  
By gilding a dire sword in his deare blood ?  
*Hester,* nor *Priam*, nor *Mars* himselfe,  
Only his wife was his *Bellona* now.  
O miserable valour, to scape foes,  
And come for to be murdred of his friends :  
O shamefull conquest ! O most coward Pagg,  
That a weake woman was competitor  
In *Agamemnon's* death : had it beene any, yet  
It should haue beene a Goddesse at the least,  
And yet shee's but a *Queene*, a mortall woman.  
Were she a Goddesse, I would make he mortall,  
Dull coward that I am, and, worse then all,  
After so many wrongs, yet vnreueing'd,  
Their Palace now should fire o'r their heads,  
And the huge beams dash out their guilty brains:  
The roofer should fall on me, so't fell on them.  
Begin reuenge, and now performe an act,  
May giue a theame to all posterity,  
Euer to take of, fraught so full of horrour,  
*Egyptens* and my mother, may wish their's,  
Yet none was euer greater, yes, my deed.  
Reuenge is lost, vnielse we doe exceed.

*Pyl.* But a bad mother, friend, thou shouldest not hurt,  
The law of nature doth forbid such thoughts.

*Orest.* Nor Gods, nor nature shall keepe mee inawe,  
Why towards my mother, by heauens Parliament,  
Who is most guilty, is most innocent.

*Can.* Shall I thus by some magique Art, my sonne,  
Take both their pictures in piture virgin waxe ?  
And wound the place where that the hurt should stand,  
And so wound them ? *Orest.* Tush, this is too little.

*Can.* Shall I breed them hate ? *Orest.* Too little too.

*Can.* Shall I consume their children ? *Ore.* All this too  
Hell and the furies shall stand all amaz'd,  
*All* do shall come there for to behold  
New kinde of inuictors which she knew, not yet :

And

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

And nature learnie to violate her selfe,  
I'll instantly to th'Court, and what I doe,  
My selfe will see done, yes, and aſt it too.  
Thanks great *Canidia*, this blacke night being done,  
Renenge now knowes her game whereat to runne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

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### A C T . I I I . S C E N . I .

*Enter in state, Egistheus: Clytemnestra: Tyndarus:*  
*Strophius: Electra: Nustrix: cum nono partu:*

*Egyſt.* **N**euer but when a royll offſpring comes  
From a Kings loynes, can hee be truly King,  
Then doth he ſit firme, rooted in his ſtate,  
Then is he truly man, and then the Gods  
He knowes doe loue him, which when Kings doe want,  
The curse of nature doth deny them fruit,  
And brands their bed with loath'd sterility.

*Tynd.* *Egyſthēus*, ſince the Gods haue bleſſ'd youſo,  
Haue care their bleſſings turne not to your woe:  
Your ioy, my daughters ioy, and my ioy too,  
Haue care it be preſeru'd, and brought vp well:  
And take heed, ſonne, of *Agamemnon's* blood,  
Pierce not withi enuy the Babes tender heart.

*Egyſt.* Tufh father, now not without griefe I ſpeakē,  
All brookes which from the Princeley Ocean ranne,  
Are quite dry'd vp, onely *Electra* here,  
Our deare *Electra*, whose great weight of loue  
Is in our ballance equally ſo poys'd,  
That ſhee ſhall euer think her father liues,  
Our heart ſhall beſo parallelle with hers.

*El.* Yes, great *Egyſthēus*, wer't but our mothers will,  
What ſhe thinkes good of, I muſt not thiſke ill:  
Besides, your loue e'r ſince my fathers death,  
As it came from his departing ſoule,  
And forth- with had reueld againe in you,  
Hath held a proſpectiſt for me, to ſee  
His care reuolded, though the obiect's chang'd,  
And, for I loſt a brother, if you please,

Th: c

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

That I may challenge in your roiall blood,  
Here doe I tie with all affections bands,  
My selfe vnto this Babe, which is as deare  
Vnto my soule, as were *Orestes* here.

*Clyt.* Daughter, your heart now with obedience strung,  
Makes a sweet musique sounding from your tongue.  
Nurse, bring the Babe, giue it *Elektra*, so,  
You daughter shall haue ouersight of it. (no,

*Nutr.* O, shall I pare from't then? *Clyt.* No, good Nurse,  
*Elektra* with her care, you with your paines.

*Nutr.* Now by *Lucina*, had it gone away,  
I shoulde haue sit, and sob'd away my heart;  
'Tis the sweetest Babe that euer Nurse did kisse.

*Egyst.* Looke here good father, looke my nobles here,  
Vpon this Babe scarce crept yet out of earth,  
For you shall grow an Autumn of ripe yeeres,  
When time hath brought it to maturity,  
Looke on thy Grandchilde, *Tyndarus*, see, 'tis thine,  
This came from thee, old man, see how it smiles  
Vpon the Grandsire, as if wise nature had  
Taught him his kindreds names fore he came forth.

*Tynd.* I see't, *Egystheus*, and my ag'd blood grows warme,  
As if my selfe were a new father made,  
And all the blessings I can render ir,  
Shal drop like golden showers on the head:  
Me thinks ir doth recall my sliding age,  
And makes swift time retire backe againe:  
It doth vnfold those wrincles in my face,  
Which grieve and yeeres had fixed as their signes  
Vpon my brow, and now it shall be seene,  
Althoug my hayres are gray, my ioyes are greene.

*Clyt.* Long may our father his opinion hold,  
And you, our daughter, let not sinister thoughts  
Wrong your suspicioous minde, though this being young,  
It makes our Lord, and me to speake our ioyes,  
Yet our affection and our naturall loue,  
Is not a whit to you diminished.  
A mother can be mother vnto many,  
And as from one roote hid within the ground,  
Springs many flowers, that lends sap to all:

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

So from a parents heart runne veines of loue;  
Which, though to many, they without doe flow,  
Yet from one heart, one root, they all doe grow.

*Elect.* I hope our gracious mother cannot thinke  
Wedo suspect her loue, witnessse this charge,  
Which you haue bles'd my armes and soule withall,  
And as your loue committed it with care,  
My care shall still defend it with my loue.

*Egypt.* We thanke our daughter, come Lord *Strophius*,  
Griefe still sits heavy on your fighing heart,  
Be frolike, learne of vs, in all the grace,  
And pleasure our Court extends, you shall haue place.

*Stroph.* I thanke my gracious Lord, time hath by this  
Almost eate out the memory of our sonne,  
And since the heauens let fall their dew on you,  
And watred *Argos* with such springing hopes,  
I will not feeme a stocke, vncapable  
Of such a generall comfort, but reuive  
Myburied thoughts, and for my Souerignes sake,  
Old *Strophius* will a young mans person take.

*Egypt.* We thanke old *Strophius*, and if honour can  
Keape thee still young, our Princely hand is wide,  
And freely shall extend all graces on thee,  
And you all our subiects, which beare part  
Thus in our ioy; and here I doe proclaime,  
And personally from my owne mouth pronounce,  
Sealing it with the signet of my State,  
A generall immunity to all  
Murders, rapes, treasons, thefts, conneyances,  
Which haue beeene from the birth of our deare childe,  
In all the confines of our Empire done;  
Nor shall your licence date be quite expired,  
Till the slow yeere seuen times runnes out his course,  
Our selfe thus speake it; vntill then all's free,  
Kings win their subiects by immunity.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Mane: Strophius, & Electra.*

*Stroph.* *Electra*, you are happy in your charge.

*Electr.* Yes, Vnkle, and you happy in my fauour.

*Nur. Madam*, shal I stay here vntil you come?

*comes back.*

*F*

*Elect.* Yes,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Electr. Yes, Nurse, sit downe and sing, looke to the Babe,  
I'll onely with my Vnkle change a word.

Nurse  
sings.

*Lullaby, lullaby Baby,  
Great Argos ioy,  
The King of Greece thou art borne to be,  
In despight of Troy.  
Rest ever wait upon thy head,  
Sleepe close thine eyes,  
The blessed guard tend on thy bed  
Of Deities.  
O, how this brow will beſeme a crowne!  
How these lockes will ſhine!  
Like the raiers of the Sun on the ground,  
These lockes of thine.  
The Nurse of heauen ſtill ſend thee milk,  
Maift thou ſuck a Queene.  
Thy drinke Ioues Nectar and cloaths of ſilke,  
A God mayſt thou beſeme.  
Cupid ſit on this Roſean cheeke,  
On these rubie lips  
May thy mind like a Lambe be meeke,  
In the vales which tripp,  
Lullaby, Lullaby Baby, &c.*

Elect. You neuer heard from my brother, Vnkle,  
Nor from your ſonne, they haue beene long awaie?

Stroph. In troth, *Electra*, I am in deſpair,  
Almoſt of euer ſeeing them againe;  
Sure if *Oreſtes* liue, and euer heare,  
Vnto what paſſe *Egystheus* brings his ſtate,  
Seated him in the thronē of his mothers bed,  
And like to leaue *Argos* hereditary  
To his poſterity, it cannot e'r be borne,  
*Oreſtes* ſpirit will endure no ſcorne.

Elect. Vnkle, his long delayes make mee furmiſe,  
Or he will neuer come, or come with prize;  
Hee, if now come, hee muſt not ſhew himſelfe,  
But liue vñknowne, vñnam'd, or change his name.

Str. His name, *Electra*, yes, and's nature too,

Which

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

Which I doe feare me hee will hardly doe.  
But if we hear not f rom them now e're long,  
I'll listen by some meanes about the land,  
To heare of them ; meane time you to your charge,  
Officious duty must our liues enlarge.

*Orest.* Come Nurse.

*Exeunt.*

### S C E N. II.

*Enter Orestes, and Pylades.*

*Orest.* O, here's the Palace vnder whose kinde roofe  
My tender yeeres were gently fostered :  
But now the sight on't seemes to strike my soule,  
When I but thinke it holds within the walls,  
The patrons of such lust incarnate diuellis,  
Mere Pythonists, that fascinate the world.

*Pyl.* Nay, but *Orestes*, thinke now of your selfe,  
Complaine not of your wrongs, but seeke to rright them.  
We might haue liu'd i'th woods still to complaine,  
And to that purpose wee may turne againe.  
Whet vp your former thoughts, and spend not time,  
To rauue, but to reuenge this odious act.  
We know they were their shapes, and no Chymera's.

*Orest.* O, *Pylades*, knew I thou art my friend ?

*Pyl.* I hope you thinke it. *Orest.* I doe, I dare sweare it,  
So I dare sweare it was *Egypteus*, and  
The dumbe witch, the O, what things enough  
To be an attribute to terme her by.

The *Clytemnestra*, O, wee saw her do't.

*Pyl.* 'Twas ablacke deede indeede, and past all thought.

*Orest.* O, hell it selfe has not the patterne to't :  
Some stench, some fogs, vapours stop their breath,  
Exhald from out the dampish wombe of Styx,  
Did euere foule, disastrous, friendlike hands,  
Cast vp so huge a heape of hell-bred mischiefe.  
Were I to diue to'th depth of *Phlageton*,  
Or fetch young *Ganimed* from the armes of *Ione*,  
To rend *Proserpin*a from *Pluto*'s bed,  
Or take the vulture from off *Titus* heart,  
And set it on my mothers, I'd do't ;

## The Trageate of Orestes.

I'll breake ope doores, and nayle 'em to their bed ;  
Harka, reuenge calls mee, I, I come, I come,

*Pyl.* Nay, still outragious friend, good now containe  
Your heady fury in wisedomes, reyne :  
Harken to my aduice. *Orest.* I will, deare friend,  
Thou hast plaid musique to my dolefull soule ;  
And when my heatt was tympaniz'd with grieve,  
Thou laudest out some in to thy heart from mine,  
And kest it so from bursting ; thou hast tide  
With thy kinde counsell, as these loosned strings,  
They should not cracke asunder with their weight.

*Pyl.* Then listen now, the best plot I can thunke,  
Is this : wee here will liue a while vnknowne :  
*Orestes*, thy profession shall be physicke,  
I as your friend & company you at Court ;  
Carry it neatly, learne a few strange words,  
Palliate your woe a while, and coope vp grieve,  
You may in time so minister to the King,  
Physiques occasion fit reuenge may bring.

*Orest.* Rarely inuented, I'll speake Amphotisnes,  
Sublim'd purgations, Quintessence distill'd.  
Each dose I giue shall make a heart to bleed,  
And proue a true Physician so indee'd.

Enter *Adrastor*, hating o'r-heard their talk.

*Mis.* Twas my good Genius guided me here now,  
To heare conspiracie ; wherefore I'll attach them.  
Saux you Gentlemen. *Ore.* Saux you too, if you please.

*Pyl.* Sir, 'twas small maners to interrupt our talk,  
And giue no warning of your heing neere.

*Mis.* Warning? you shall haue warning, yes, I know  
I heard you both, and vnderstood your plot,  
You'll turne Physician, Sir, and giue rare glisters,  
Shall worke like *Stibium*, to purge out hearts,  
You thought to aſt well true Physicians parts.

*Ore.* Therefore on thee our medicine first shall worke.

*Mis.* Help, murder, *Ore.* Nay Parasite I'll gag you, *Stabs*  
You shall not fawne againe, or wag your tayle, *hys.*  
When the King nods. *Mis.* O help me, I am slaine.  
Stop his breath quickly, if but he be dead.

W<sup>o</sup>

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

We may escape the danger of the treason,  
Nay he is silent ; O but we are beset.

### SCEN. III.

Enter a Lord and others at the out-cry.

**Lor.** Look out, me thought I heard one cry out murder,  
Some voyce I am sure did disturbe the court,  
It was *Misanders* voyce me thought that cried, Spies him  
And see hee's slaine ; one whom the Kings esteeme (dead).  
Did ranke among the best ; there are the murdareers,  
Fellowes, how durst you thus abuse the court?

**God.** haste to th' King atell him the man be here. *V. V.*

**Pylad.** Gentleman, we aslouers to the court, *V. V.*  
Came here as strangers, for to see the King, *in robes* O nos.  
This man being comming out, too soone for vs, *in purple robe*,  
And for himselfe vs'd vs vnciuilly, *in robes* *in purple robe* but  
We haue been gentlemen, though our Fortune know, *in robes*  
Haue put on beggars weedy vpon our backs : *in robes* *in robes*  
Who answering in the same for he propos'd, *in robes* *in robes*  
He strooke vs, and men cannot indurke blowes ; *in robes* *in robes*  
So thinking much to be strooke againe, *in robes* *in robes* *in robes* *in robes*  
He grew so hot, he drew and made a Stab, *in robes* *in robes* *in robes* *in robes*  
At which encounter both inclosing him, *in robes* *in robes* *in robes* *in robes*,  
'Twixt vs, he tooke a wound worse, then we thought  
To gue, for we did thinke to haue giften more ; *in robes* *in robes*  
But since 'tis thus, we must appeale to th' King, *in robes* *in robes*

**Lor.** Yes; and here comes his Maiestie in person, *in robes* *in robes* *in robes*

### SCEN. IV.

Enter *Egypt*, with a guard.

**Egypt.** A Guard there on vs, here is murder done, *in robes*  
What is *Misander* kild our crulty feuarant ? *in robes*  
Where are the villaines ? *in robes* *in robes* *in robes* *in robes*  
*Orest.* O hold good heart, harke, harke, he calles vs villaines ?  
*Egypt.* What is the matter, speake, how came he dead ?  
They shall die two deaths, that did cause hiȝt ong. *in robes*

*Orest.*

The Tragedie of Orestes.

*Orest.* O I am now vndon; he must sit iudge,  
To condemne vs that should massacre him.

*Pyl.* Nay keepe a temper, hold good friend a while.

*Lord.* My gracious Soueraigne, these two be the men,  
Which haue confes'd the deed :

*Aegypt.* Are you the men which thus abus'd our state,  
Was : one or both, if both, you both shall die,  
If one, that one, we are iust in our decree.

SCEN. V.

*Enter Clyt. Tynd. Strophius; Elektra.*

**V**HAT, is thy Queene come here, to heare the cause,?  
We'll then aseend, and iudge them instantly. *As-*  
*Or.* O crack my eye-strings, let these balls drop out (cends  
Or the quick sights like darts fly to their souls, (the throne  
And pierce their entralls; he King, my mother Queen  
The *Briseis* and *Achilles*, that in my dreamie,  
We come to be condemn'd amongst our friends, (the import  
I will to speake to them, *Elektra* is there, (the import  
And *Strophius* your old father, *Pylades*.

*Pyl.* Shew thy selfe valerous, o'recome thy selfe,  
If we be known, we surely are condemn'd.

*Aegypt.* Father, Lord *Strophius* sit and heare the cause.

*Clyt.* Why, my Lord, what is't makes the busines thus?

*Aegypt.* My queene shall strait way know, bring them away,  
Although it is not fallen out of our minde,  
Of a free act or pardon of all faults,  
Committed in the date of such a time,  
Our hand of mercy must not be so soft,  
To couer or'e with gentle lenity,  
Such ulcerous sores as these; there is no place  
For mercy left; murder must not find grace:  
Therefore our doome is past, one needs must die,  
Blood still for blood vnto the gods will cry.

*Orest.* Then, if thy doome be spent, great King here stands;  
The man that did it, shewing his guilty hands.

*Pylad.* O hold thy doome a while, it was not he,  
His serious studies in the learned Arts,

Hearing

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Hearing acute Philosophers dispute  
'twixt life and death, and of a future state  
Would faine haste to it; but the man was I,  
Beleeue not him, 'twas his desire to die.

*Orest.* No King, 'tis he which in his desperate thoughts,  
Would loose the bands betwixt his soule and him,  
Ones selfe against ones selfe is witnes store,  
My selfe confesses, what wouldest thou haue more. *kneels.*

*Pyl.* Beleeue him not, vpon my knees I vow,  
These hands are only branded with the guilt,  
And for ones blood, let not two lites be spilt.

*Orest.* And on my knees I the like oath doe take,  
I gaue the stab, my dagger's bloody yet.

*Pylad.* That was my dagger King, he took't from me,  
*Or.* He do's me wrong, by heauen 'twas euer mine.

*Egypt.* This doth amaze vs, I ne're yet saw two  
Turns Rhetoricians so to plead for death.  
Would not the pardon of this odious fact,  
Like a foule stench, or an vnwholeosome ayre,  
Send an infectious vapour through the land,  
And choake vp Justice; this fidelity  
Should for this one time set two murderer's free.

*Cly.* Now good my loue, me thinkes I pitty them,  
And prethee for my sake, I know them not, *gives them*  
Abate thy edge of Justice for this once.

*Orest.* O what she spoke, to dambe, it had been better.  
*Egypt.* My loue, thou knowst I never looke too sternely,  
Vpon a fault that could aske lenity; *hath* *done* *it* *now*  
But this is so transcendant, and so great,  
It must not be slipt without impunitie,  
To doe a haynous murder, and 'th court,  
I'th place of Justice, where the King might heare, *but* *not* *now*  
Vpon a chiefe attendant of the Kings, *and* *now* *not* *now*  
Murder it selfe is past all expiation,  
The greatest crime that Nature doth abhorre,  
Not being, is abominable to her,  
And when we be, make others not to be,  
, Tis worse then bestiall, and we did not so,  
When onely we by natures ayd did lie,  
A Heterogenous kinde, as semibeasts,

When

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

When reason challeng'd scarce a part i[n] vs,  
But now doth manhood, and ciuility,  
Stand at the bar of justice, and there plead,  
How much the[r] wronged, and how much defac't  
When man doth die his hands in blood of man,  
Iudgement it selfe would scarce a law enact,  
Against the murderer, thinking it a fact,  
That man 'gainst man would never dare commit,  
Since the worst things of nature doe not it.

*Orest.* O how his words now raile against a sinne,  
Which beat vpon his conscious thoughts within.  
His tongue speakes faire, his inparts looke on them,  
And they like Iury-men himselfe condemne.

*Pyl.* But O great King, if iustice must haue right,  
Let me stand only guilty in thy sight.

*Orest.* No 'tis not King, 'twas I that did the deed,  
And for my action, let no other bleed.

*Ægypt.* In troth this make my doome it cannot fall:  
Will none of you confess? *Strophius weeps.*

*Orest.* Yes, I confess. *Pylad.* No King, 'tis I confess.

*Ægypt.* How now Lord *Strophius*, what affect you so,  
That makes your teares bewrayers of some passion.

*Stroph.* My gracieous soueraigns, this strange spectacle  
Renues the memory of my once great losse,  
And my deare Queens, we once were blest with two,  
Which so had link'd themselues in bands of loue,  
As these men now doe see[n]e to me they haue.  
One streme of loue did in two hearts so glide,  
One with the other liu'd, with other dide.  
And would my Queene be my competitor,  
For our sons sake my suits should ioyne with her,  
Since Justice craves but one, and both will goe,  
Euen saue them both, and right wrong justice so.

*Clytem.* I, good my loue, let iustice come and looke,  
If she can finde in all her statute booke,  
Two men for the same crime should rightly die;  
She will not say so, iustice cannot lie.  
And since they both will die, let ones loue saue  
The others life, and so both life shall haue.

*Agam.* In troth my Queen, and my old Lord haue mou'd  
Well,

## *The Tragedie of Orestes.*

Well, since your loues are both so strongly tide,  
And friendship like an old acquaintance sends  
To her friend, Iustice, that she should be milde,  
And looks with eyes of mercy, on your fault,  
Considering our immunity proclaim'd,  
And such petitioners as you both haue got,  
Death in our sentence now shall haue no part,  
Whilst who should haue done worst confession strives,  
Too much confession thus saues two mens lives:  
But now we must demand what you made here,  
What busines or condition you professe.

*Pylad.* Great King, our duty owes to thee our liues,  
And were we men that striu'd to set a cloud  
Before these gifts, Art hath instructed vs:  
Or we haue purchac't at a most deare rate,  
Of cost and labour, yet thy clemency  
Commands vs to lay open all to thee,  
Yet for my selfe I rather count my state,  
Blest that I lighted on this happy man,  
Whose accurate and wact hfull indagation,  
Hath taught him for to heale the wounds of Nature,  
By his exceeding skill in wholesome hearbs,  
One that when I did thinke my thred of life  
Had beene quite cut, did tie it vp againe,  
And make it last: recal'd my youthfull dayes,  
And made me *Aeson*-like becom thus yong,  
For which great practises I did owe my life,  
And thence proceeded our late pious strife.

*Eg.* Nay then I'me glad our mercy did extend  
On men whom such rare vertues doe command;  
Or loues shall then grow greater, and our court  
Shall entertaine you, and't may chance we will,  
My queene and I make triall of your skill.

*Orest.* My gracious soueraigne, words must not haue wings,  
To passe and out-flye the bounds of truth,  
Only to win the *Elixar* of opinion;  
But for my friend doth here professe so much,  
And for my life doe stand so deeply bound,  
That all my Art can ne're make recompence,  
Please but your graces selfe and your deare queen,

*The Tragedie of Orestes.*

Appoint the secrets of the safest roome,  
To let me shew my selfe to none but you;  
Though Nature dried vp with too much time,  
Deny to spring in fruise from forth your loynes,  
Or any other strange impediment,  
Or Art preseruies from sicknesse ruining,  
And 'twill be blest to shew it to a King.

*Egypt.* Ha, prethee let me speake with thee apart.  
Thou strik'st on tunes now, make me glad to heare,  
We will commit our seceresie to thee,  
Can't water barren wombs with such a dew,  
Shall make 'em florish and wax green with fruit?  
Although we cannot altogether blame,  
That Nature hath been too vnkind to vs,  
Yet we would plant each corner of our Realme,  
With springing branches of our royll selfe,  
To compasse in our selues, and we stand in the midst:  
King's in their children doe great blessing finde,  
And great men loue to propagate their kind.

*Orest.* Great Soueraigne, boasting words shall ne're ont-  
The things I will performe, I speake not faine, (weigh-  
But what I first haue said, I'll doe the same.

*Egypt.* We like thy temper well, and we will trust,  
Therefore this night we will appoint it so,  
Thou shalt be guided to our secerest roome,  
And there shalt vse thy skill; which if it take,  
Or loue shall honour thee for Physicks sake.

*Exeunt. Aegypt. Clyt. Tind.*

*Orest.* Goodheauens I thanke you, your effectuall power  
Hath shewed your iustice in this blessed houre, *They take Str.*  
Now is occasion put, thus murder layes : (and *Elett.* back.  
The trap wherin it selfe, it selfe betrays.

*Pyl.* Old Lord a word with you, *Orest.* and with you Lady.

*Pyl.* Had not you once a Son lou'd the young Prince?

*Stop.* Yes Sir, but Fates enuied my happines,  
And holds botli Prince and Son away too long.

*Orest.* And had not you a brother Lady once?  
When heard you of him last? he went trauell.

*Elett.* In truth I had, but I can heare no news. *They differen-*

*to. O see my son, welcome my dearest boy. (themselves.*

*Elett.*

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

*Elect.* Our brother, our *Orestes* is come home.

*Stroph.* 'Tis they indeed, O how my blood revives,  
Let me embrace them, O ye'r welcome home,  
Now is the Autumne of our sorrow done.

*Elect.* What silent place hath smothered you so long?  
Of what great power haue you counsaile ta ne,  
Concerning the great plot you had in hand.

*Orest.* Uncle, and sister, we must not stand now  
Embracing much, and bidding welcome home,  
You seebefore I come, how things doe stand;  
My busines hastens, and my friend, and I,  
Haue yet a greater proiect to performe:  
Onely *Electra* we must haue your ayde,  
To helpe with their child, for now's the time,  
When blest occasion striues to helpe reuenge.

*Elect.* Why brother, is the child in any fault,  
That was vnborne when that our Father dide?  
And 'tis a lusty boy: O hurt not that.

*Orest.* Tush, I must haue it, it shall haue no hurt,  
Worse then my Father: *Elect.* Shal'tnot, indeed.

*Orest.* Beleeue me, no worse hurt; but let's be gone.

*Exeunt.*

## SCEN. VI.

Enter a Chamberlaine, and a boy to sweep the roome.

*Cham.* Boy, swewe the roome, set each thing in his place,  
The King and queen take Physicke here to night.

*Boy.* Sir, and you'll helpe me, I am ready here, *They set*

*Cham.* Fetch them two chaires boy. *Boy.* Yes, Sir, *(atable.*  
What carpet meane you shall be spread a'th boord.

*Cham.* That of red veluet, set the siluer cups,  
There may be vse of them to take the potion: *Sets two bowls*  
So, now all's well, the roome is well prepar'd.

Enter *Orestes* like a Doctor of Physicke.

*Orest.* Is this the roome, friend, where the King must be?

*Cham.* Yes, this is the roome Sir, 'tis the priuat'st, this.

*Orest.* You must auoyd it then, and tell his Grace,

G 2

That

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

That I stay here prouided gainst he come.

*Cham.* His grace shall know it.

*Exit.*

### SCEN. VII.

*Enter Pylad. with a little boy in's hand.*

*Pyl.* I Faith *Orestes* prethee spare the child,  
It hath no fault, but 'tis too like the mother.

*Orest.* Like my mother, O most execrable  
Hadst rank'd the confut'd *Chaos* of all sins,  
Thou couldst not haue found'out a fault more blacke,  
More stincking, more infectious to my heart,  
Art like my mother, O transcendent crime!

*Child.* Some say I'me eyde like her, but in the face  
I doe resemble most the King my father.

*Pyl.* Poore babe.

*Orest.* The King thy father, yes, too like them both,  
*Ghil. Electra* saies I'me somewhat like! *Orestes*,  
Her brother that is dead.

*Orest.* How, like *Orestes*! when didst see him child.

*Child.* Indeed I never saw him, but I loue him.

*Pylad.* Alas, deare friend, see the pretty knaue.

*Orest.* Wouldest thou wert not my mothers, I could weepe,  
But see, O see now my relenting heart,  
Must now grow flinty, see my Father, see,  
Now to shew pitty were Impiety.

*Enter Agamemnons ghost passing or'e the stage.*  
*all wounded.*

*Ghost.* Why flaggs retenge? see thy now yeelding soule,  
Made me burst ope my strong iawd sepulcher,  
And rip the seare-cloth from my wounded breast,  
O can a child simile blanke the memory,  
Of all these horrid wounds, which make me grone,  
In the darke cauerns of the vncouth earth,  
From whence I come for to infect thy soule  
With ayre of vengeance, may make *Acheron*,  
Yea, and our selues at the performance quake;  
Fruite of our loynts, first vigor of our youth,

*Looke.*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Looke on these wounds, as on the *Gorgons* head,  
And turne thy heart to stone, houering reuenge  
Is falne into thy hands, O graspe her close  
By her snake knotted front, and make her doc  
Things may incite a horror to her selfe.  
Forget all, mother, in that disloyall witch,  
Whose damned heate raging in strumpets blood,  
So soone did condiscend to murder mee.  
By all the rites of Father, I coniure thee :  
By *Atreus*, *Atreus*, he whose reuengefull soule  
Is echo'd through the world superlatiue;  
Doe thou make *Nemesis* as great a feast,  
And be enthroniz'd in her fire chaire,  
In her triumphant chariot euer ride,  
In which, Beares hurry her from the wombe of hell,  
And beare this Title as thy deserued hire,  
The braue reuenger of thy murdred fire.  
Thinke on me, and reuenge.

*Exit.*

*Orest.* Stay, stay, and see't,  
Stay Spright, thou strik'st no terror to my soule :  
For vnamaz'd I now would dare out-looke  
Ranks of *Medusa*'s, and the grim aspect  
Of the most frowning obiect hell affords :  
Thinke on me, and reuenge: yes, those two words  
Shall serue as burthen vnto all my acts,  
I will reuenge, and then I'll thinke on thee :  
I'll thinke on thee, and then againe reuenge,  
And stab, and wound, and still I'll thinke on thee.  
I haue a dropsie now to fucke vp fumes,  
And drinke the reaking stremes of vengeance fome :  
Great *Agamemmons* Ghost, I will bedew,  
Thy hearse with blood in steed of brinish teares,  
And build a pile vp of their murthred truncks,  
To burne thy marrow lesse consumed bones.  
Arrowes of forked lightning neuer flew,  
More swiftly from the awfull armes of *Ione*,  
Then *Nemesis* blacke Scorpions from mee.

*Pyl.* 'Twas a strange fight. *Ore.* I, didst thou see't, friend?  
All of those wounds will I sticke in his brest.

*Pyl.* Alas, one will be enough for him !

## The Tragedie of Oreste.

Or. I, but she shal haue more, a while go by: *Pyl takes the*  
Were all the world their liues, the world should die. *child*  
Now Tragedy fetch out thy crimson robes, *aside*  
And buckle sure thy purple buskins on,  
Steep't ten graines deeper in their scarlet die;  
This night shall giue mee now a deepe carouse,  
Of Clytemnestra's and *Egypt*heus blood,  
And Cerberus himselfe stand by to pledge me,  
Whilest to hells fire I shall sacrifice  
Three Hecatombs; it doth the furies good,  
When e'er wee wet the Altars with such blood.  
And now yee fiends of hell, each take a place,  
As 'twere spectators at a first daies play,  
Raise all the hellish winds to expell nature;  
Great Goddesse giue me leauue now to forget  
All straines of duty, all obedient thoughts  
Die in mee quite: a mothers memory,  
Pious affections take no hold on mee.  
Be all my senses circled in with Fiends,  
And let *Erynnis* hold her flaming brand  
To guide my murderous sword; for all lights else,  
Vanish from out this Center, be this roome fraught  
So full of mischiefe, may make the Fabricke cracke,  
And let no time, now come into my thoughts,  
But that dire night wherein my father di'd.  
I'le onely be a Doctor now in word,  
Each potion that I giue shall be my sword:  
But I must change.

## SCEN. VIII.

Enter *Egypt*heus and Clytemnestra, in their night-robcs.

*Egypt.* O Doctor, you are busie for our comming: *Ore.*  
*Orest.* My gracious Lord, I had no cause to faile. *looking*  
*Cly.* Nay, but is this fit time for physick Doctor? *on the cups.*  
*Orest.* First, Madame, for the phyficke that I gine,  
Now the diaftall fabrique of your pulse,  
Shewes all your passions most hysterical,  
Pleaseth your grace sit downe? one at each end o'th Table.  
*Egypt.*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Ægypt. Yes, must wee sit, sit there my Queen.

Orest. Yes, now is *Saturne*, gouernour of nature,  
In free coniunction with the planet *Venus*:

And iust at this time, *Jupiter* begat

Great *Hercules*, *Sol*, *Luna*, *Mercury*,  
In that Diameter, now fauour propagation,  
And now will my *Alexipharmacum*,  
Stirre the *Analepique* veynes and arteries :

If you out-lieue this night, you'll lieue to see

A roiall, strange, and Princely progeny. (know't:

Ægypt. Think'st thou so Doctor? Orest. Thinke it, nay, I  
Hem.

Clyt. Surely hee meaneas to worke rare Art vpon vs.

Egypt. Pray God thy physique take. Orest. Yes, it shall take.  
Hem. Pylades binds Clytemnestra to the chaire: Orestes,

Ægyptianus: Pylades brings in the child.

Æg. Treason, we are betrayed. Orest. Nay, tis your priuatiſt  
View me well mother, ha, do you know me yet? (room,  
Here, here's the drugs my Art hath thought vpon, Puts off his  
Bepitileſſe now Pylades, be my friend. *gowne*.

Child. O Helpe me father, else these men will kill mee.  
Ægypt. O my boy, my boy. Orest. O, yee'r fast bound,  
Yes, hee is thine, thy face, thy eyes, thy heart,  
And would I knew where Nature had couchd most,  
Of thy damnd blood, I thus would let it out, *Stabs the child*.  
And thus't should ſpirit in thy moft loathed face.

Ægypt. O, now, the heauens raine vengeance on our head.

Child. O mother, mother, ſave me ſave me father.

Orest. Hold Pylades, be ſtedfast, for by heauen  
He wounds mee, that perſuades me not to wound.

Clyt. Turne thy bloody weapon on my brest,  
Twas this wombe that brought forth this Babe and thee.  
If that be guilty, I haue made it ſo.

Rip vp this place which firſt did bring thee forth;

'Tis I intreat thee, 'tis the mother, ſhe

Which gaue thee house-roome here within this brest,

Vpon whose dug thy infant lips did hang.

Orest. It was my father, he mtreated you,  
Who many a time had clipt you in his armes,  
Who made you Queen of Greece, yes, it was hee;

Good

## The Tragedie of Orestes;

Good Agamemnon, he did plead for life.

Egypt. Bathe not thy hands in a poore infants blood,  
Nor in thy mothers, I deserue to die:  
Andyer remeber how my doome sau'd thee,  
How easily mercy did obtaine her suit.

Orest. Nay, but Egypt, you can agrauate,  
To doe a haynous murther, and i'th Court;  
I'th place of Iustice, where the King might heare,  
Vpon a chiefe attendant of the Kings.  
Murther it selfe is past all expiation,  
A crime that nature most of all abhorres,  
And looke how manhood and ciuility,  
Stand at the barre of Iustice, and there plead,  
How much they'r wrong'd, and how much defac'd,  
When man doth dye his hands in blood of man.  
Now harken King, I'll vseth Rhetorique,  
Thou didst a haynous murther in the Court,  
Not which the King did heare, but which he felt;  
When no petition could (good man) preuaile,  
Therefore this dies, this first shall haue his due: *Stabs it a-*

*This mischefe done, reuenge shall prompt a new: gaine, that*  
Egypt. O, the Gods blush, and heauen looks pale at this, *the*  
A fathers face besmear'd with his owne blood. *blood / parts*  
For. My hafte deceiuers my wil; tush, al this yet, *in his face.*  
May be call'd piety, you shall taste too mother. *Turnes it*

Cly. O, why dos't banish nature from his place? *to her.*  
Looke on thy mo:thers teares, worse then those grones,  
And pang's she had, when she first brought thee forth,  
When of thy friends or parents thou haft wrong,  
Patience, not fury doth to thee belong.  
Is this the blessing that thy knee should aske?  
Repay'st thou thus my kisses and my teares,  
Which flow'd from mee to thee in tender yeeres.

Orest. O why did you so banish woman-hood,  
When you and this damn'd villaine, base adulterer,  
Made in my fathers side so many wounds,  
And brought a braue old King into this state:  
See, here's his bones, my pocket can containe  
Great Agamemnon; and repayd you thus  
His kind embraces? all his louing signes?

*Pulls bones  
from his  
pocket.*  
*Egypt,*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

*Egyptus*, you are thirsty, you shalldrink, Fills two cups  
Yes, you shal cleare your throat, by heauen you shal. with the  
*Eg.* O mischief abone mischief ! what *Heniebus* childs blood :  
Bred on a stony rock, could e'r endure gives it them.  
To see a fathers thirst quench'd with such blood ?  
Hast thou no measure ? hath reuenge no end ?

*Ore.* Who first doth mischief, may keep mean i'th deed,  
But who reuengerth, must all meane exceed.

Nay, mother, wee'll not barre you of your draught.

*Clyt.* O Nature, see here all thy lawe infring'd  
A mothers prayers preuaile not with her sonne.

*Orest.* Pray with *Thyestes*, it shall neuer moue me :  
But first, *Egyptus*, do thou hastre reuenge. Stabs him.

*Egypt.* O, I am wounded, O when do'st thou end ?

*Or.* Nay, I haue scarce begun, now mother, you, Stabs her.  
So now I'll stand and looke, and on hell call,

Nay, my reuenge must not be vnuall ;

One more for thee *Egyptus*; onely let out,  
The blood you dranke before. *Egypt.* O, my heart feeleſſe it,

*Orest.* Now mother you, and your loue the ſame.

*Clyt.* O kill me quickly, time prolongs my woe,  
And ſince I muſt die, let me quickly goe.

*Orest.* You know your ſentence, let him feele hee dies,  
Who ſtraiſt threats death, knowes not to tyrannize.

*Egy.* This brings ten deaths. *Or.* Would twould a hundred  
One death's too little to reuenge a King. (bring,  
Hence, hence, adul. *erous* ſoule to *Tantalus*,  
And let hell know who 'twas ſent thee thither: Hedes.  
Now, mother, you ſhall follow, but hee first,  
Lest that like louers you goe hand in hand.

*Clyt.* Why ſonne, whose death is it thou doſt reuenge ?  
Thy fathers ? but on whom ? vpon thy mother !

On her which brought thee forth, which took moſt care,  
To bring thee vp, from whom thou tookſt thy ſelfe,

Thou'rt ſure thou art mine, but doſt not know,

Who twas begat thee. *Ore.* Wil't Baſtardize me ?

Yes, mother, yes, I know I was his ſonne :

Alas ! why, what are you ? a ſenſelesſe peecē

Ofrotten earth can doe as muſh to corne,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

As you to me, beare it, and bring it forth,  
But *Agamemnon* he that seed did sow,  
And onely vnto him my selfe I owe :  
And for him thou shal die. *Cly.* O, I confess,  
My conscience tells mee, I deserue no lese :  
And thus thy mother from thee doth depart,  
Leauing vexation to torment thy heart : She dies.

*Orest.* Now friend, I see my father liue againe,  
And in his roiall state at *Argos* Court :  
This is the night in which hee first came home,  
Obleffed powers of hell, diuine *Canidia*,  
Now am I satisfied, now hath reuenge perfection,  
And nothing grieues me, but that *Tyndarus*,  
My mothers father, did not see her dye.  
Ile in and tell him, my thoughts must reueale  
Those afts I doe : this night who would conceale ?  
Now soule trtumph, whilst that my deeds shall shaine,  
Ith face o'th Court, and all the world know't mine.

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### A C T . V . S C E N . I .

Enter *Orestes* in his gowne : *Tyndarus* : *Strophius* : *Electra* :  
*Pylades* : two Lords.

*Orest.* **M**Y Lord your daughters potion works most rare,  
The King's asleepe, God blesse his Maiesty. (l.)  
O: doe not wake him, faith 'tis pitty, la :  
*Tyn.* What doe I see ? ha, blood ? the little child  
Dead; his daughter bleed, *Aegyptens* kill'd ?  
*Orest.* Your Lordships eyes doe faile, 'tis but spilt w'.

*Tynd.* Lay hands o'th villaine, 'tis the Physicians de-

*Orest.* Nay friends, hands off, 'tis no Physician now : *D.*

See, see, old *Tyndarus*, dost thou know me yet ? *vers him*

Fetch me my Crowne and robes, nay, I'll ascend :

Is not *Atrides* eldest sonne your King ?

*Tyn.* What hast thou done, foule Viper, to eat out

Thy mothers bowells, what, was this thy deede ?

Thy silence saies 'twas thine, what *Tanais*

*Tygris* or *Rhenus*, or what flowing fea,

Should wash thee in the salt *Meotis* streme,

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

Or *Tethys* at full tide o'rflow thy banks,  
Still would the spots of murder sticke on them.

*Orest.* Why Grandsire, I goe not about to wash,  
By heauen, 'twas all the fruit I thought to win,  
To thinke all mischefe here could be no sinne.

*Tynd.* See, see, thy mother, looke vpon her now,  
On her, whose eyes thou hast for euer clos'd,  
Which eyes haue often wakned at thy cry,  
And hush'd thee with a lullaby to sleepe:  
See, see, these hands, which oft with so much care,  
Wrapt gently vp thy vnset tender limbs:  
See, see, this face, wont at thy signes to smile,  
When nature gaue not leaue vnto thy tongue.  
To vtter thy childs meaning.

*Ore.* See, see these bones, these nasty rotten bones,  
Which had so often lock'd his hands in hers:  
Here stood the tougue which oft had call'd her sweet,  
Deare *Glyttennestra*, and then stopt his speech,  
And told his loue in a more speaking signe.  
Here stood those eyes, which fed vpon her face,  
And made her of thy daughter, a great *Queene*,  
And shee made him a dish for loathed wormes.

*Tyn.* Suppose she did, there was but one yet dead,  
And with ones death againe should be repaid.

*Orest.* No, *Tyndarus*, had I desir'd but one,  
I should haue thought I had desired none.  
Why, me thinks, I should too haue kill'd thee,  
The number is too little yet of three.

*Tyn.* Into what land, what contry wilst thou fly?  
All earths, all lands, all countries will flie thee:  
The heauens will look with a more cherefull brow  
On *Cerberus*.

*Orest.* Why, let heauen looke as 'twill, it is my crowne,  
That I haue done an act shall make heauen frowne:

*Tynd.* O, what earth loues so much a guilty soule,  
That it can beare thee? *Ore.* Why, Sir, this is mine,  
And this shall beare mee. Am I not righ heire?

*Tynd.* Thou heire to kingdomes! thou a subiect rather,  
To helpe to make a Players Tragedie.

*Orest.* Why, that will make me swell with greater pride,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

To thinke my name shall drop in lines of blood ;  
From some great poets quils, who well shall paint  
How brauely I reueng'd my fathers death,  
That is the thing I wish'd, and 'tis my glory,  
I shall be matter for so braue a story.  
But where's my Crowne ?

1 *Lord.* No murderer, we'll rather ioyne with him,  
This old man here to take away thy life,  
Then such an homicide shall frame vs lawes,  
Who hath himselfe rac'd out the lawes of Nature.

2 *Lord.* Yes, and wee'll set here *Argos* Crowne on him,  
Who shall enact some punishment for thee ;  
Which although none can equalize this deed,  
Yet what our griefes can thinke, all shall be done,  
And wee'll forget thou'r't *Agamemmons* sonne.

*Ore.* Why, thinke you vpon your worst, I scorne to craue,  
I had three liues, you but my one shall haue.

*Tyn.* Then since 'vile wretch thou hast committed that,  
Which while there is a world; throughout the world  
VVill be pronounc'd for the most horrid deede  
That euer came into the thought of man ;  
A thing which all will talke of, none allow ;  
I here disclaime that name of Grandfather,  
And I must quite forget that in thy veynes,  
My blood doth flow, but thinke it then let out,  
VVhen thou leſt out my daughters ; and since you  
Kinde Lords commit the state vnto my yeeres,  
Yeeres too vnfit, heauens know, to beare a state :  
My mind, me thinks, contends for to decree  
Somewhat, which to my selfe I dare not tell :  
Iust conceiu'd wrath, and my affection striues,  
Hate forbids pitty, pitty forbids hate,  
And exile is but barren punishment :  
Yet let me banish thee from out these eyes,  
Oneuer let thy sight offend me more,  
All thy confederates, and all thy friends.  
You, *Pylades*, which did ſo ſmoothly cloake,  
The damnde profelion hee did vndertake :  
You, *Strophis*. *Stroph.* My Lord, I know not ought,  
Yet, ſince one foot is now in *Charons* boat,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

If it please you, let tother too afoate.

*Tynd.* Not so, but I will banish you the court,  
And you *Elektra*, come, I must forget  
Affection too towards you, you gaue the child,  
Which you had charge of to the murderer's sword.

*Elektra.* Why Grandsire, I herin no wrong do finde,  
Since all these goe, I would not stay behinde.

*Tyn.* Nay, but no one shall company the other,  
Hence thou *Cocytus* stremme of this offence,  
*Strophius & Pylades, Elektra*, hence: *Exeunt Stroph. Pyl. Elektra.*

*Orest.* Why farewell Grandsire, since thou bidst, I flie,  
And scorn companions for my misery. *Exit Orest.*

*Tynd.* Vnto this punishment this one more I adde,  
That none shall dare to giue *Orestes* foode,  
And this decree shall stand; I speake with griefe,  
And here pronounce *Orestes* no reliefe.  
Hence with these corps; poore child what hadst thou don?  
Thy Nurses prayers, that there might spring a rose,  
Where e're thou trod'st could not keepe backe thy foes.  
Some plague he hath, but such a matricide  
Should never die, although he ever dide.

### S C E N. II.

*Enter Elektra. and Stroph.*

*Elektra.* **T**hus neuer lesse alone, then when alone,  
Where to our selues we sweetly tell our woes,  
Thou Vnkle, cheife companion to our griefes,  
And sole partaker of our miseries,  
Why doe we liue, when now 'tis come to passe,  
It is scarce knowne that *Agamemnon* was,  
He dies far easier, who at first doth drowne,  
Then he which long doth swim, and then sinks down.

*Stroph.* Nay Neece, me thinks I now doe see the Hauen,  
Where my ag'de soule, must leaue this tossed barke,  
Made weak with yeeres and woes, yet I commend  
Vnto my Son the heart of a true friend,  
That's all the will I leaue, and let him know  
Friendship should euer be, but most in woe.

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

And so I leue thee Neece, I first must die,  
To haaste a periode to this Tragedy. *He dies.*

*Elect.* O eniuious Fates could you not vse me thus?  
Haue not I griefe inough to burst my heart?  
Was my life's thredtwisted and knit so strong?  
That the keen edge of all these miseries  
Can neuér cut it off; Must I beare more?  
'Tis all my safety now not to be safe,  
Are there so many wayes to rid ones life?  
And can I hit on none? they say that death  
Is euery where, and yet I finde him not:  
Tush, but I seeke him not, why my owne hand  
Might grapse him to me, if I did but striue.  
Now hand helpe ease my heart, and make a way  
To let our griefe, that hath so long dwelt here,  
Now knife thaſt don good seruice, there lie by,  
Heauen well decreed it, nothing life can giue,  
But euery thing can make vs not lue.

*Stabs her  
(selfe)*

### SCEN. III.

*Enter Cassandra.*

**N**ow *Priams* ghost, haaste, haaste, I say to looke,  
With chearefull eyes on the sinister booke,  
And there to *Hecuba* my mother shew  
The tragique story of thy conquered foe.  
And let *Andromacha* my sister see,  
What *Agamemnons* race is come to be.  
Now Troy gratifieth most faddome,  
Conqu' ered by those that thus themselus or' ecome,  
Let *Greece* so florish still, let *Argos* be  
Puff with the pride of their great victory.  
Let it beare Souldiers, so withall it beare  
*Orestes* too; now, mother never feare  
*Argos* makes me to laugh, which made thee weep,  
The Trojans in the graue now sweetly sleep.  
Their sorrow hath the end, now these begin  
To ouerflow themselues with mutuall sin:  
And after all, *Orestes*, we may fee,  
Hath lost his reason, mans sole proper e.

SCEN.

The Tragedie of Orestes.

SCEN. IV.

Enter Orestes furans.

Orest. BY heauen you shall not, nay, I am decreed,  
Doe teare, teare me, yes, I haue deseru'd it.

Cass. O braue, O braue, hec's mad as well as I;  
I'me glad my madnes hath got companie.

Orest. Mother, why mother will you kill my father?  
Then I'll kill you; tush, I haue don't already.  
Much patience will grow fury in time.

Follow you me, you beast, you damn'd *Egyptian*,  
I'll hew thee piece by piece, looke of my mother.

Cass. I am she, or one loues thee well.

Orest. Out you witch, you witch. Cas. Murderer, murderer,

Orest. Dost whisper with the diuell, to torment mee,

Oh how they lash me with their snaky whips,

Why *Megara*, *Megara*, wilt not hold thy hand?

Are you there too, *Erynnis*? hay, all hell,

My Grandsire *Atreus* he stands fighting there,

But hec'll ha'th better on't; keep *Cerberus* keepe,

Kepee the fates fast, or all hell breakes loose.

Mother I see you, O you are a whore,

Did I kill you witch, dost thou lish, dost thou?

Cas. Why this is fine, my very looks doe whip him.

Orest. Could I but get the stone from *Syphus*,

I'de dash thy braines out; O are you there I faith, *Spies* stro,

A bed so close with your adulterer, (and *Elect*.dead,

I'll stab your lustfull soules with your owne kniues. Stabs

Cas. O clap, clap, O rare beyond expectation, (them with

Hold good heart, do not burst with laughter, (*Electra*'s knife.

Orest. Will you not wake, sleepe, sleepe then your last,

Looke how they fly i'th ayre, Cas, I see them, see them,

Orest. Why *Ione*, dost meane to let them into heauen,

O th'art come downe, and gon to hell,

Pluto, see *Pluto* hee's afraid of them,

O spare my sides, my sides, my sides, the blood

Now you touch my ribs:

Cas. Hay, how he skips, O excellent, whips himselfe,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

O sweet Catastrophy, do's none see't but I?  
Clap, clap, againe, would all *Priams* sons,  
And daughters were here now to helpe me laugh.  
*Orest.* Lash on, lash on *Canidia*, art thou there?  
Why grandfire would it were to doe againe,  
Nay *Aeacus* I feare no whipping posts, currentes  
Laugh'st thou, thou witch? I'll follow thee to hell. *Exeunt.*

### SCEN. V.

*Enter Pylad.* alone.

*Pyl.* Thus seeking others, I haue lost my selfe,  
My friend and father banisht, and whilst I  
Wander to seeke them for to ease their woe,  
I heare more grieve proclaim'd against my friend,  
That none must succor, none must give him foode,  
And yet I'll seeke him, and should all the lawes,  
That Tyranny should thinke vpon, restraine,  
I'd draw my blood forth for let him drinke,  
But O what's here? O I haue found too soone, Spies Stroph.  
One which I sought, my Fathers wearied soule (dead).  
In sighes hath now expired out it selfe.  
Now O ye Sisters, your great taske is done,  
You ne're vntwinde what you haue once begun.  
Thus obuous to our Fates t'our felues vnkind,  
We haste to seeke, that which too soone we finde.  
Alas why doe our souls too greedy burn,  
To hasten thither whence we ne're return,  
We run to't of our selues, though death were slow,  
Should he come tardy, we too soone should goe.  
For the first day that givens vs our first breath,  
Doth make vs a day nearer vnto death.  
All this huge world, which now on earth so strive,  
To morrow this tyme may not be aliue.  
Great Troy is downe since *Agamemnon* fell,  
Since my deare Father, which but now was well.  
O art thou come deare friend, for thee I sought, *Enter Orest.*  
Her's some foode yet, in spight of all the lawes:  
*Orest.* Wilt bid me to dinner *Pluto*, ha, with what?

*Give*

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Give me no snakes, I, I goe, I goe,  
Up to *Cythereus* top, I hate thy meate.

*Pyl.* Heauens! hee's distracted, now doth fury right,  
When thus against her selfe, her selfe doth fight.

'Tis I man here, 'tis *Pylades*, not *Pluto*;

*Orest.* Ha, *Pylades*, I, they haue banisht him,  
But grandfire looke too't, I'll teare out your maw,

*Pylades*, *Pylades* I come —

*Pylad.* Why I am hee, looke friend, doſt not know me.

*Orest.* Yes, yes thou wert with me when I kild my mother  
And see, the Furies now would whip thee too,

*Alecto* looke, looke, here's *Alecto* too,

*O Clytemnestra*, hay, how the lion skips,  
And *Taurus* he would toſſe me on his hornes.

Looke on the Ramme, see the Beare roares at me,  
And *Charon* he would fling me into *Styx*.

*Pylad.* He feares the haauenly ſignes, nay then now time  
Hath brought true punishment on euerie crime.

*Orest.* Dash out the puppets braines, the little boy,  
The baſtard, my mothers baſtard: ſo blood, ſpin,  
My mother kild my Father, kild the King,  
But ſhe got little by't, looke on her breſt  
It bleeds, it bleeds; ſo, ſo *Egypthens*, ſo.

*Pylad.* O what a ſtrange diſtemper ſtirs his braine,  
Thou gentle *Somnus*, in whom care doth reſt,  
Kinde father of cold death, and ſon of peace,  
Which comes to Kings and poore men all alike:  
Binde his diſturbed braine, tye vp his ſenſe.  
Let him but liue to die; now tis not long  
Before we both ſhall ſing our funerall ſong.

*Or.* Ha, muſt I ſinke, can I not keepe a loft? / *Fals a ſleepe.*  
What is the ſtreame ſo ſtrong? why then I'll diue,  
And come to hell the ſooner. *Pylad.* So gentle ſleepe,  
Thou gatherſt vp his wandring braines againe,  
This is but halfe dead, yet halfe dead he lies,  
But tis not long; before he wholly diues. *Musique within.*  
Harke they play muſike, O theſe ſounds do harme,  
Enticing woe with their melodious charme;  
Theſe please not men in woe; theſe time doe keepe,  
But miſeries beſt falling is to weepe.

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Or stops a: nought but sobs our hearts we bring.  
Whereon we prickt the soules a which we sing.

*A song within together with the musicke.*

Weepe, weepe you Argonauts,  
Beweale the day  
That first to fatall Troy  
You tooke your way.  
Weepe Greece, weepe Greece,  
Two Kings are dead,  
Argos, thou Argos, now a grans:  
Where Kings are buried.  
No heire, no heire is left,  
But one that's mad,  
See Argos, hast not thou,  
Cause to be sad?  
Sleepe, sleepe wild braine,  
Rest rocke thy fense,  
Lie if thou canst  
To grieve for thy offence.  
Weepe, weepe you Argonauts, &c.

*Pyl.* Peace Musique, peace, our plaints haue louder cries,  
A heart that's sad can neuer harmonize.

Griefe cannot keepe his time, all time's too long,  
Sighs are best sembries to his dolefull Song.  
My ditties mournefull though thou sweetly play.  
Thus doe we all euen blow our liues away.

But doest thou wake *Orestes*? is rest fled, *Orest. wakes.*  
Sleep ne're dwells long in a molested head,

*Orest.* Harke, harke the Furies entertaine my mother,  
*Orpheus* would fetch *Euridice* from Hell,  
See, he lookes back, wouldst venter so thou foole,  
I'de see my mother burnt before Ide goe,  
Why shouldest thou bring her? she would stifle thee,  
Stifle thee in thy bed as my mother did.

*Pylad.* Still harping on thy mother? *Orest.* Harping, no,  
Let *Orpheus* harpe: O, I, she was, she was,  
A very, very Harpie. *Pyl.* Thus madnes playes,  
And keeps a certaine measure in his words,  
*Orest.* O I suckt out my mothers dearest blood,

## The Tragedy of Orestes.

I did indeed, O the plagues me for't now,  
O I must goe lie downe in *Tythus* place,  
*Axion* too, he Sir would faine resigne.

I scorne your petty plagues, I'll haue a worse,  
O the vulture, the wheele, the vulture.

*Pyl.* See how his conscious thoughts, like fiends of hell,  
Doe arme themselues, and lash his guilty soule.  
He see's no vulture, nor no Scorpion strikes,  
Yet doth his conscience whip his bloody heart,  
He needs no witnesses, he hath within  
A thousand thoughts which testifie his sin.  
No punishment so strickt, no deadly smart,  
As priuate guilt that smiteth on the heart.

*Orest.* I did, I confess I did, I kild them all,  
Ript vp the wombe that bare me; nay I did,  
O *Tantalus* thy plague, some meate, some meate,  
Who pulls those apples hence? let them alone,  
Nay sinke to the bottom, I will follow thee, *Lies downe to*  
The riuers drie, my mother hath drunke all. *drinke.*

*Pyl.* Alas, come, goe with me, we will finde drinke.

*Orest.* Is *Pluto's* buttery ope, his drinke too hot,  
I doubt 'twill scald me, but I'll taste on't yet  
Th' *Eumenides* stand to whip me as I goe,  
Nay I will passe you, I will out-slip them all. *Exit current.*

*Pyl.* See in his conscience lies hels punishment,  
Our own thoughts judges none are innocent. *Exit.*

## S C E N. VI.

Enter 2. Lords.

1 *Lord.* **V**VE that haue here ben born to see this change,  
May leave the court, and tell our children  
Of the dire fall of *Inachus* great house, (tales,  
The young Prince mad, the Princeesse kild her selfe,  
Old *Strophius* dead from grieve; and murder heape,  
Corps vpon corps, as if they mentt' inuite,  
All hell to supper, or som louiall night.

2 *Lor.* Nay but my Lord this is most pittifull,  
That the yong Prince should thus from dore to dore,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

Beg for his foode, and yet none dare to giue,  
I saw him wandring yesterday alone,  
Flying from every crow, or pratling Pie,  
Crying out mother, and as if there had  
Tormenting Furies following him with fraud,  
And truth I thought to tell old *Tyndarus*,  
To'moue his ruthfull yeeres to pitty him,  
And will you ioyne petitioner with me,  
We'll tell the cause, 'tis good to ease misery.

*Lord.* My Lord I like your motion, and will ioyne  
For Agamemmons sake my honor'd Master.

*Exeunt.*

### S C E N. VII.

*Enter Orestes, PyLades, with naked rapiers.*

*Orest.* **M**Y Fury leaues me, now I'me at my last,  
And now me thinks thou truely art a friend,  
Now with vndaunted spirit preuent my griefe,  
And let thy rapier drinke blood greedily,  
As if it lou'd it, cause it is thy friend,  
Now rid me of my woe, thy friendly vow,  
Neuer did truely shew it selfe till now :

*PyL.* Why then deare friend I thus erect this arme,  
And will be strong to thee, as thou to me,  
We'll looke vpon our deathes with better face,  
Then others doe on life; come *Tyndarus*, sec,  
We scorne to liue when all our friends are dead,  
Nor shall thy Fury make base famine be.  
The executioner to my dearest friend,  
Whilst I can kill him, therefore spight of thee,  
We'll free our selues past all calamity,

*Orest.* Yes *PyLades*, we will beguile our time,  
And make him search through ev ery nooke a'th world,  
If he in all his race can euer spie,  
Two that like vs did liue, like vs did die :  
But we delay our death, now brauely come,  
And the last parting word shall be strike home. *they run at*  
*PyL.* O brauely rstoak deare friend yet once again. *one another*  
*Orest.* Yes at one thrust two friends must not be slain, *run again*

Q

### The Tragodie of Orestes.

O, how I loue these wounds, heauen dropping shouers,  
When the outragious dogge makes clouds of dust  
Vpon the thirsty earth, come not more sweet,  
Then the blest streames of blood, thy rapier raines.  
Hence weapon : for my loynes now scorne all props,  
But my friends armes, O, beare good leggs a while,  
The weight of murder sits vpon my soule,  
And bends my staggering ioynts vnto the earth.

*Pyl.* Haste, haste, I faint, but O, yet let my strength  
Be *Atlas* to sustaine the falling world ;  
Breath, breath sweet vapours of two trusty hearts,  
And let our breaths ascend to heauen before,  
To make a roome hard by the frozen pole,  
Where that our winged soules shall mount and sit,  
More glorious then the Concubines of *loue*,  
Wreath'd with a crowne of rich enamel'd starres,  
Leaving all ages to deplore our death :  
That friendships abstract perish with our breath :

*Orest.* Fly thou best part of man, where *Hecate*  
Borne on the swarthy shouolders of the Euen,  
Sits in a groue of oakes, till gray eye'd morne,  
Bids her to throw off nights blacke Canopie.

*Pyl.* Wil't die before me ? Stay, stay, I come.

*Orest.* O grasper me then, our names like *Gemini*,  
Shall make new starres for to adorne the skie.  
Is thy breath gone ? *Pyl.* O, yes, 'tis almost past,  
Then both together, thus wee'll breath our last.

*They fall downe dead, embracing each other.*

### SCEN. VIII.

*Enter in haste Tyndarus, Lords, with others.*

(much,

*Tynd.* **V**Ent they this way ? my Lords, you moue mee  
Could I find him now, I would seat him new,  
In his right Kingdome, which doth weigh downe mee.

*1 Lord.* I see my Lord *Orestes*, and his friend,  
Without your leaue haue made themselues an end.

*Tynd.* Then now is *Argos* Court like to some stage,

## The Tragedie of Orestes.

When the sad plot fills it with murdere Trunckes,  
And none are left aliue but onely one,  
To aske the kinde spectators (*plaudite*)  
All else haue bid (*valete*) to the world,  
The man reseru'd for that, is *Tyndarus*,  
Who thus hath seen his childrens childrens end,  
His Grandchild, a bad sonne, a most deare friend;  
The Scene must now be overflow'd with grones,  
Each man sits downe to waile his priuate mones:  
One for the *Queen* doth weep, one for the King,  
All taste the bitter waters of this Spring:  
The Nurse bewails the child, that part she beares,  
All haue their subiects to bedew with teares;  
Each one yet haue but one; but all of mee,  
Challenge a part in grieves sad sympathy.  
*Orestes, Clytemnestra, I must call,*  
These all for mine, thus must I weepe for all:  
Let none belieue this deed, or if they doe.  
Let them belieue this punishment then too.  
'Tis vile to hate a Father, but such loue,  
As breeds a hate to th' mother, worse doth proue:  
Our life consists of ayre, our state of winde,  
All things we leauue behind vs which wee find,  
Saining our faults; witness *Orestes* here,  
VVho was his owne tormentor, his owne feare.  
VVho flying all, yet could not fly himselfe,  
But needs must shipwrack vpon murders shelfe:  
And so his brest made hard with miserie,  
He grew himselfe to be his enemy.  
Thus grieve and gladnesse still by turnes do come,  
But pleasure leastwhile doth possesse the roome.  
Long nights of grieve may last, but lo, one day  
Of shining comfort slideth soone away.  
He, whom all feare on earth, must feare a fate,  
For all our powers are subordinate:  
Three howres space thus well can represent,  
Vices contriu'd and murders punishment.  
A Monarchs life can in this little space  
Shew all the pompe that all the time doth grace  
His risings and his falls, and in one span

Of

*The Tragedie of Orestes.*

¶ time, can shew the vanity of man.  
For none of vs can so command the powers  
That we may say, to morrow shall be ours.  
Now Fortunes wheele is turn'd, and time doth call,  
To solemnize this friendly funeral.  
No force so great, no so disaster wrong,  
As can vnknot the bands which holdeth strong  
United hearts: who since they thus are dead,  
One roome, one tombe shall hold them buried:  
And as these friends ioyn'd hands to beare their Fate;  
So we desire you to imitate.  
VVho since they all are dead, we needs must craue  
Your gentle hands to bring them to their graue.

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*THE END.*

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